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The Week-end Review

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Faubus on Nottingham

THE most revealing comment on last Saturday's squalid scuffle in Nottingham was made by Governor Orval Faubus. On Tuesday, after he had called for special legislation to keep Negro children out of white schools in Arkansas, he said to Ronald Singleton of the *Daily Express:* 'What about that shindy in Nottingham? We have sympathy for you'.

We can dispense with the sympathy of the demagogue of Little Rock. But, in two short phrases, he put the Nottingham affair in its right setting: to millions on both sides of the colour line, all over the world, what happens in Nottingham and Notting Hill is just as important as anything that happens in Arkansas or Alabama. For the bigots in the American South, or South Africa, or the Rhodesias, an outbreak of racial tension in Britain is a political victory—an opportunity to say 'we told you so' and to dismiss British criticism of racial prejudice as the self-righteousness of those who have never had to live with the colour problem. And, equally, to the coloured citizens of our Commonwealth, it is a symbol of defeat, evidence that racial equality is a principle that will be maintained in Britain only so long as there are too few coloured people to make us face its implications.

That is what makes the fighting in Nottingham—and our response to it—important. Racial prejudice may lie dormant, but such incidents bring it to life. If two gangs of teddy boys, racecourse touts or ponces, clash in Glasgow or Brighton or Soho, it is routine news. Immediately West Indians or Pakistanis are involved, the xenophobic reaction is to blame the outsider. In its extreme form, this leads to wild statements about 'primitives', 'people who care little for human life', 'knife-carrying thugs'. But the danger lies less in the most blatant types of prejudice than in its insidious expressions: 'It would not happen if they did not come here'. In short, no one would feel concerned about the colour problem at all, if there were no people of colour to hand.

Those who put forward this point of view angrily deny that they themselves are prejudiced. Mr James Harrison, a Labour MP for Nottingham, said on Tuesday that 'this policy of allowing people to come freely into this country . . . is completely impracticable under modern conditions', and added indignantly that when he said this in 1947 he was 'accused of colour prejudice'. His belief in restriction is shared by Lt-Col J. K. Cordeaux, a Conservative MP for Nottingham, who proposed 'something in the nature of a quota'.

Both these MPs are no doubt convinced that they are acting in the public interest, and in the interest of the coloured British subjects who have settled in Nottingham and elsewhere. But both of them have failed to realise that their argument rests on just the same assumptions as the case put forward by Orval Faubus. Tension and disorder can be avoided—but only by discrimination against the coloured minority, by pandering to popular prejudice rather than by challenging it and—as many social and religious groups have done with success—seeking to educate and guide public opinion to a more tolerant attitude. That is the proper responsibility of community leaders in such cases, at least in a community which claims to offer full citizenship to all Commonwealth citizens, irrespective of colour, religion or origin.

Those who raise the demand for immigration control—a panic measure—overlook these facts, just as they ignore the present trend in immigration. The number of West Indian males coming to Britain has fallen sharply, as the information programmes of the West Indian authorities make more intending migrants aware of the housing and employment problems that face them in Britain. At the same time, the number of women and children coming here has increased—something that should be welcomed by those who feel that sexual jealousy underlies much of the friction. Yet, in the last resort, these are arguments of expediency. The argument that matters is one of principle—that discrimination degrades those who practise or condone it, even if it is imposed by discreet administrative measures. In Booker Washington's powerful phrase, 'you can only keep the Negro in the gutter by getting in it yourself'.

Comments on the Week's News

Harold's Diplomatic Manners

It now seems clear that Mr Macmillan's trip to the eastern Mediterranean, far from achieving the miraculous results claimed by the Tory press, has done positive harm. In Athens, his off-hand manner, his irritable unwillingness to listen to what the Greek leaders had to say, and his slender grasp of the details of the Cyprus problem combined to give Mr Karamanlis the impression that he regarded Cyprus as merely another 'little local difficulty' to be dealt with in-between rubbers at White's. Worse still, he appears to have misled the Greeks: before leaving Athens, he gave them to understand that, after consulting the Turks and visiting Nicosia, he would revise the plan, inform them of the changes and hold further consultations – through normal diplomatic channels – before publishing the new draft. Instead, to their considerable annoyance, the Greeks were simply presented with a *diktat* announced in London. This diplomatic incompetence – bad manners would be another way of putting it – is all the more distressing since the area of disagreement is much smaller than public Greek statements would suggest. A correspondent who talked to the Greek leaders last week-end informs us that what they most object to in the plan is the concept of the Turkish Commissioner; they do not disagree with the principle of a 'referee', but they insist that he should be neutral; indeed, they would positively welcome the replacement of the proposed Greek and Turkish commissioners by a UN team. It is difficult to see how either the British or the Turks can reasonably object to this change. The Greeks now expect Mr Macmillan to reply to their latest, and very courteous, note, suggesting further talks. It is to be feared, however, that he regards the correspondence as closed and will simply go ahead with preparations for the elections. If this happens, cables our Special Correspondent in Nicosia, then a return to violence is virtually inevitable. Makarios would not be able to stop it, even if he tried: for popular anger has risen to the point where words of caution in Athens – no matter from whom – would be totally ignored.

Who Succeeds Strijdom?

Choosing Mr Strijdom's successor is not going to be easy. For the moment, Mr Swart is to carry on as acting premier, but it is clear that he is only a stop-gap. A similar proposal was made to use Mr Havenga when Dr Malan retired in 1954, but it was defeated to bring in Strijdom. The real problem for the Nationalists to decide is whether the country as a whole will stand Mr Verwoerd – a man of real intellectual power and unswervingly tough, in contrast to Swart's verbal bullying but inner weakness. Verwoerd comes from the powerful, uncompromising Transvaal, Swart from the quieter Nationalist group in the Free State. In the past, the Transvaal has usually got its way. The Cape Nationalists will again back Mr Donges, a compromise candidate, but it is doubtful if they are strong enough to impose their will on the whole party. Another possible compromise – though he must be reckoned an outsider – is Mr De Klerk, Strijdom's brother-in-law, also an extremist but a less controversial figure than Verwoerd. If Verwoerd is eventually chosen there will be criticism from the party's intellectual wing on the grounds that he will provoke racial tension. This will lead to unease in the party, but not a split yet – though fear of it is the main factor in Swart's favour. Verwoerd would scare English-speaking South Africans even more by his republicanism and fanatically anti-English views. Whatever the choice, *apartheid* will remain dominant until the white front cracks; paradoxically, then, Verwoerd's election could provide a real threat to white supremacy.

Middle Eastern Algebra

The sudden, and superficial, resurgence of Arab unity at the UN last week got the Assembly out of an apparently insoluble difficulty, but it has not necessarily settled any of the problems of the Middle East. Nasser's switch of tactics is more apparent than real: his first objective throughout has been to secure the withdrawal of Anglo-US troops, and he obviously preferred a compromise motion which effects this, rather than a propaganda victory which might have discredited Britain and America, but which would have left them still physically entrenched in Amman and Beirut. It is also true that he was under strong pressure from the African Arab states – notably the Sudan and Tunisia – which object to the tone of Cairo radio broadcasts aimed at their people. This explains why Nasser has accepted Mr Hammarskjold's contention that the resolution implicitly provided for a 'radio armistice'. Since last Thursday, Cairo and Damascus radios have both suspended their attacks on Hussein (though they have stepped up their hate campaign against Israel). It looks, therefore, as if we are in for a temporary *détente*, which should certainly last long enough for the 'neutral' Chehab regime to take over in Beirut at the end of September. But Jordan? Once British troops have left, the Palestinians are capable of overthrowing Hussein with or without assistance from Nasser, and this would immediately pose the problem of Israel's intentions towards the West Bank. Whatever solution Mr Hammarskjold devises for the Jordanian problem – plebiscite, partition, a constitutional monarchy – he will be forced to admit that Israel is an essential part of the equation. The success of failure of his Middle East peace-trip will thus ultimately hinge on one thing: can he persuade Nasser to modify his attitude towards Israel? Now that Nasser need no longer fear the competition in hatred from Baghdad, his good intentions can at last be put to the test.

American Literature Number

Next week's NEW STATESMAN *will contain a wide survey of the current American literary scene covering prose-writing, poetry, criticism, general and paperback publishing, the 'little' magazines, etc. Contributors will include* EDMUND WILSON *('Words of Ill-Omen'),* C. P. SNOW *on the writer's trans-atlantic predicament,* ARTHUR SCHLESINGER JR *on American historical writing and* V. S. PRITCHETT *on 'The Beats'.*

Running to 76 pages, this will be the largest issue of the NEW STATESMAN *since 1939. As it will not be reprinted, readers are strongly advised to place a firm advance order with a newsagent.*

Agenda for Bournemouth

The second report of the Cohen Committee and the decision of the banks to start 'tax-relief' hire-purchase have set the scene for the TUC debates on economic policy – the most important issue on the agenda of the Bournemouth Congress. It was, perhaps, tactless of the 'three wise men' to remind the unions that there has been a 'definite reduction' in wage increases this year – so far only four million workers have had advances this year, as against nine million in 1957, and the average increase has been 5s. 8d. a week as against 8s. 1d. It was even more tactless to urge that if wages are kept down to this level, or even less, in the coming 12 months, profits will 'limit themselves' and any expansion of demand will be 'gradual and cautious'. The Committee realises that some stimulus to demand is needed, but it wishes this to be done by restoring investment allowances, reductions in income and purchase tax, and by relaxing restrictions on hire-purchase. In short, it reasserts the policy set out in its first report: inflation is to be prevented by holding down the living standards of the working-class, but the impact of deflation on the middle-classes is to be cushioned by various devices designed to 'encourage incentive'. The joint-stock banks had anticipated the Cohen Committee. Their decision to offer unsecured personal advances at, in effect, cut-rates, will release purchasing power at exactly the right level – from the standpoint of the government and the Cohen Committee. It will make it easier for the middle-class to buy durable consumer-goods without adding, *via* wage-increases, to the costs of production. This would be an ingenious manœuvre if it could be done covertly. But it cannot, and it is likely to stiffen the attitude of the TUC delegates when they debate wage-policy.

No Answer

On 9 August we published a letter from Mr Mark Young, a member of the Electrical Trades Union, in which he made specific charges of election malpractices against the Communist fraction within the union. His statement was extensively and prominently reprinted in the national press. Yet there has been no reply, except a vulgar comment in the *Daily Worker*. Mr Haxell and the other Communist leaders of the union have kept silent, and have refused to make any comment. They have probably decided, as we suggested at the time, to try and brazen out this new and informed criticism of the manner in which they control the ETU. It is significant that, since we published Mr Young's letter, only one letter defending the ETU leadership has been received in this office, and this was a trivial letter from a former ETU member who simply suggested in general terms that we were repeating unfounded allegations. This is in contrast to the number of letters received earlier this year, when we first raised the question of election-rigging within the ETU: at that time, the letters we printed included two from an executive councillor of the union. It seems reasonable to assume that the party members in the ETU have been told to keep quiet, lest an effort to contravert Mr Young's statement evokes further documented evidence about the operations of the CP inside the union. Such evidence undoubtedly exists, and it is becoming known to the active members in the branches.

How Many in Fiji?

The announcement that a commission of inquiry is to visit Fiji next year to study the problems of population growth is belated but welcome. The Legislative Council first asked for such a commission six years ago. In the meantime, the problem has been rapidly aggravated. Indian immigration, which began as long ago as 1879, has now led through rapid reproduction to the Indian population becoming larger than that of the indigenous Fijians. At the same time, 83 per cent. of the land is held in trust by Britain for the Fijians. This is thus a double-edged problem, with the indigenous people frightened of domination by the well-established Indian community, whilst the Indians, now the majority section, have become cramped and naturally discontented with their inability to obtain land. It seems much more likely that these are the root causes of the sugar disturbances earlier this year than the suggestion made by a commission of certain connections with the Australian Communist Party, particularly as the Indians are mainly occupied in sugar, whilst the Fijians concern themselves mostly with gold, copra and bananas. If the new commission can expose this economic link with the population problem, suggest means of overcoming the danger of heavy dependence on agricultural exports, and some means of constitutional reform which would enable the different communities to co-operate, it will more than pay its way.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

Total War?

Our Paris Correspondent writes: De Gaulle's tour of Africa has been a curious blend of success and failure. Except in Conakry and Dakar, his reception has been warm, even enthusiastic. In a sense, of course, the Africans' respect for de Gaulle is based on a misunderstanding. For them, he is the author of the Brazzaville Declaration, the man who, in 1943, first unveiled for them the long perspective of independence. Today, independence seems to them just around the corner: all the recent congresses of the African parties have passed formal motions demanding an extension of the internal autonomy first given them by Gaston Deferre's *loi-cadre*. It seems, therefore, logical to them to express their gratitude to de Gaulle. In fact, however, de Gaulle's original draft of the new constitution by no means envisaged progress in this direction. Even after the express criticisms of M. Léopold Senghor, one of the most powerful of the African leaders, who warned him that his draft was a retrograde step by comparison with the Fourth Republic, de Gaulle stuck to his guns when he appeared before the Assembly Constitutional Committee. 'There are slogans,' he said, 'and there are actual situations. The Overseas Territories are not states. Therefore we must bring about a federation.'

But since his arrival in Madagascar, de Gaulle has changed his tone. He was brought face to face with the fact that the simple threat – 'Either you vote for the constitution or we cut off economic aid' – was not enough to swing round the African masses. And since the final text has not yet been published, he took the liberty of placing his own interpretation on the clauses concerning the French union. The present formula, he solemnly promised, does not exclude total independence for the African territories; in Madagascar, he pointed to the ancient royal palace and told the crowd: 'Soon your island may find again the grandeur it enjoyed when that palace was inhabited'. African opinion, however, is unlikely to accept these words at their face value, and it looks as if de Gaulle will be obliged to give far more specific guarantees to persuade these territories to vote 'Yes' on 28 September.

In darkest Africa, hope; in the City of Light, despair. While de Gaulle was revelling in the cheers, Algerian terrorists launched their first nationwide offensive in Metropolitan France. 'If necessary, we will carry the war into the Metropolis' – all the Algerian leaders, even the most moderate, like Ferhat Abbas, have often voiced this threat. And it is by no means an empty one. The great majority of the 500,000 Arabs living in France are ardent young nationalists. They pay a regular tax to the organisation, thus providing its leaders with a monthly budget of nearly £3,500,000. Well organised, with arms and supply centres in Germany, Spain and the Saar, the FLN may now have 20,000 gunmen in France.

This formidable machine was originally created to eliminate the rival MNA, which it has now largely succeeded in doing. Since then, it has turned its eyes on other targets. Some of the FLN leaders, notably Ben Bella and Mohammed Khider, both of whom are now in gaol, were strongly opposed to terrorism against the French in France, on the grounds that this would lead to a wave of anti-Arab feeling throughout the country. True, early this spring there were a number of attacks on police stations in Paris; but these, it seems, were individual actions mounted by particularly militant cells. What is more, all such attacks ceased abruptly in May. The fact that they have now been resumed, on a co-ordinated basis and with the full force of the organisation behind them, is clear indication that the FLN has lost all faith in de Gaulle and is now determined to pursue total war.

Kuala Lumpur

A Year of Merdeka

Dorothy Woodman writes: On 31 August (Merdeka Day), the Federation of Malaya will celebrate its first anniversary. A few weeks ago, in Kuala Lumpur, I realised how much this word Merdeka had entered into the everyday life of the country; in greetings, in the names of shops, in Kuala Lumpur's ten-story hotel, and in the dramatically sited stadium where Prime Minister Tengku Abdul Rahman proclaimed independence.

The enormous Victorian Secretariat cannot change its grim exterior, but the corridors and the rooms are acquiring colour more suited to the Malayan taste. Inche Mohamed Ghazali bin Jawi explained how his government had found accommodation for the Ministry of External Affairs by building a new floor of modern offices into the clock tower of the Secretariat. He told me how within an hour of the proclamation of Merdeka last year, the first visitors were a queue of ambassadors. Since then, the Ministry has developed along conventional lines of administration, protocol, political and information departments, with one special department to deal with the annual pilgrimage to Mecca. The Federation is a full member of the United Nations and its specialised agencies, of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development and the International Monetary Fund. And in the International Rubber Group and the Tin Council, Malaya's voice is also heard. In all these organisations, Malaya naturally is nearest to the Afro-Asian group. But she has recognised Israel, and on the day of my visit, her representative had opposed the British resolution to challenge Soviet policy towards Hungary in the conference of the ILO. To my question about China, Mohamed Ghazali replied that as his government was fighting the Communists, most of whom were Chinese, recognition must wait until the rebellion is ended.

The rebellion – the 'emergency' as it is called – often entered into conversation. The acting Prime Minister, and Minister of Defence, Dato Abdul Razak, showed me the latest statistics, a grim document listing casualties of dead, wounded and missing; 3,674 Malays; 14,213 Chinese; 765 Indians; 349 Europeans; 248 Aborigines. Dato Razak said that there were still 1,500 Communists at large, half of whom at least were in the northern half of Kedah State on the Siamese border.

The emergency is a serious financial, as well as political problem. But Malaya's chief financial worries are the result of the drop in rubber and tin prices. At the MAHA Exhibition (organised by the Malayan Agri-Horticultural Association) the acting Premier explained how the American recession had contributed to the drop in the price of rubber to 70-75 cents a pound (it had been as high as a dollar a pound). This year's MAHA was a special Merdeka exhibition. The auditorium was transformed into rooms furnished entirely with things made in the Federation; furniture from the forests, wrought-iron goods from iron mined in Malaya; magnificently woven cloths, the famous Kelantan silver, and pictures by Malayan artists.

I asked the vigorous Minister of Education, Inche Mohamed Khir Johari, about the Aborigines, and found, that just as in Burma and Indonesia since independence the less-developed peoples have asked for and been given a much bigger chance than ever before, so in the Federation since Merdeka, the Aborigines have demanded more and more schools. The Department of Aborigines has asked the Ministry of Education to take over its schools and make them part of the national scheme of education. Khir Johari has several difficult problems on his plate at the moment. The question of the Malay language is one of them. Under the new constitution Malay is to be the national language, but for at least 10 years English will be used as an official language and parliament will decide when the change into Malay can be made. The 10,000 members of the Federation of Malay School Teachers Association are pressing the Minister to set up Malay classes immediately. The shortage will probably be met partly by sending people for training in Indonesia, where, since Bahasa Indonesia became the official language, thousands of new words, including scientific and abstract terms, have been added to the vocabulary. The difficulty in Malaya is increased, of course, by the large number of Chinese who do not necessarily want to learn Malay.

Is 'national' feeling developing in this multi-racial society? There are two important developments: the remarkable response to registration and to the call-up. In the first six months of the campaign, more than 700,000 applications were received from people wishing to become federal citizens; 80 per cent. were Chinese, 16 per cent. Indians, and 68 per cent. Malays. In the case of call-up, which had listed 450,000 young men, there had been no difficulties, and as one put it, 'no repetition of pre-Merdeka instances of young fellows hopping on a boat for China, to escape call-up'.

Johannesburg

Test in Basutoland

James Fairbairn writes from Johannesburg: The touchstone of the recent Commonwealth Relations Office discussions of the Basutoland National Council's proposals for constitutional reform is the question of jurisdiction.

In inviting the Council to submit proposals, the Secretary of State referred in 1956 to powers to make laws in regard to internal matters affecting the Basuto alone. This limitation would mean separate laws – and presumably privileges – for the Protectorate's white trading community, and it has been vigorously rejected in the scheme now put forward for discussion. Unfortunately, the Basuto simultaneously wish to confine the elected membership of their proposed Legislative Council to themselves. This could be seized upon by Lord Home as a pretext for insisting on limited jurisdiction, and it is significant that the local white traders have backed this proposal.

The 'back-door' possibility of non-Basuto being nominated by the paramount chief as Legco members may conveniently seem too remote to cause the Commonwealth Office to change its mind. In that case, as the Basuto have stressed, matters such as roads, hospitals, liquor and, above all, trading, would be outside their jurisdiction, and little would be gained 'which in substance is not already enjoyed'.

For the Basuto proposals are, in all conscience, modest enough. All effective power is to remain in the hands of an executive council dominated by officials; the High Commissioner is to have the power of veto in everything; and even in the Legco there is to be only parity between indirectly elected and nominated members. On balance, of course, a basis for progress is suggested: local government is to be established (with control of trading licences); women are to vote; the paramount chieftaincy is to be coaxed into the mould of constitutional monarchy, and the Legco would exert far greater pressure on the administration than the present Council.

In effect, the Basuto have put forward a scheme through which, given a sympathetic administration, they would very slowly be able to learn the rudiments of modern government. No doubt an acute awareness of the present British government's reluctance to risk South African opposition over the Protectorates stopped them from asking for more. In the event, however, this very modesty may have landed the Basuto in a fresh dilemma, for they have made every reasonable concession in advance. If the Commonwealth Office nevertheless insists on limiting the Legco's semblance of power to the Basuto alone there would, in the event of Union incorporation, be nothing to differentiate their Council from one of Dr Verwoerd's so-called 'Bantu Authorities'. Perhaps that is why the Nationalists here have received the proposals with singular calm.

Glasgow

Wisdom from the Ass

Ritchie Calder writes: A rejuvenated 'British Ass', 127 years-old, is going through its paces at Glasgow this week and next. Professor P. M. S. Blackett, last year's president, was here to congratulate his successor, Sir Alexander Fleck of ICI, on the encouraging outcome of reforms which Blackett helped to initiate. At last, the Association for the Advancement of Science has the financial means of doing its job.

There are signs of new vigour in the annual meeting – a more purposeful and less wordy programme of papers in the 14 sections, an increasing accent on youth, and, in some ways more important, the return of some of the Missing Generation, the middle-aged eminents who had lost patience with the British Association. But the real changes are not in the Grand Occasion, but in the rest-of-the-year activities. Traditionally, the BA has existed for this one week of the year. During the Thirties an attempt was made to change this by the creation of the Division of Social and International Relations, which included energetic minds like H. G. Wells, Sir Richard Gregory, Huxley, Hogben and Bernal: it was given powers to meet anywhere, any time, at, or outside, the annual meeting. After an impressive debut, the Division wilted after the war. The autonomous sections resented what they regarded as 'poaching', but the real weakness was that there was neither finance nor staff to organise the meetings throughout the country. Now – and Sir George Allen, the secretary, deserves much of the credit – the Division has been reactivated, and the money has been forthcoming. No one today endows something as abstract as the advancement of science, but the big corporations put up cash for specific functions.

Though modern industry wants to recruit scientists, technologists and technicians its leaders have come to realise that the new men can only be raised in a scientific climate. So the British Association is organising area committees which will have panels of scientists, capable of public lecturing to women's organisations, trade unions, chambers of commerce, rotary clubs, churches, and the WEA. The Division will be able to support these activities by holding all-star conferences in places which could never accommodate, nor sustain, a 4,000 member-meeting of the full association. Another project is designed to reach schoolchildren at an age before they 'opt' for science – an idea canvassed by Shell as one of a public-interest scheme before the corporation recognised that it properly belonged to the sphere of the British Association. It has turned over the project and made money and staff available. There is also to be a project concerned with the education of the graduate scientists. More scientists are aware that they are in danger of becoming intellectual cripples: an intensive scientific training prevents them from acquiring wider interests or even judgments about the society in which science is such a powerful agent of social change. A distinguished committee under Professor Linstead, Rector of Imperial College, with a research staff, endowed by the Leverhulme Trust, is to study the nature of scientific education and what might be done to improve it.

Fleet Street

Sunday Spice

If, despite some recent theories to the contrary, the latest circulation trends indicate that it is after all news that most people want when they buy daily newspapers, what do they want when they buy Sunday papers? Not news certainly. In fact it is pretty clear that the gulf between daily and Sunday newspaper reading which was always considerable is now wider than ever—both in 'serious' and 'popular' journalism. The big rise in the sale of both the *Sunday Times* and the *Observer* since the war has coincided in both cases with the increasing concentration on features. And although, if one goes back to the immediate post-war period, the *Observer* has actually increased its sale more than the *Sunday Times* – by 113 per cent. to the *Sunday Times's* 73 per cent. – the *Sun-*

day Times has pulled steadily away since Lord Kemsley began, about 18 months or so ago, to spend a record amount of money on the serialisation of top-name war memoirs and other publicity-worthy features.

The same is equally – indeed more – true in the mass circulation Sunday paper field. The Sunday paper that has come out best during the tough going of the last six months has been the *People* – and whatever else one might or might not call the *People*, no one would call it primarily a newspaper. It holds its vast circulation by feature serials of a confessional and sensational kind, by hotted up gossip, by exposures of the underworld and by grace of Mr Gilbert Harding, whose weekly column (according to readership surveys) is the *People's* biggest pulling feature of all. The *People* formula invented by Mr Harry Ainsworth and developed by Mr Stuart Campbell has been an enormous success – for a Sunday paper! But when translated by Mr Ainsworth into daily journalism on the *Herald*, it leaves, it would seem, the customers cold. Although the *Herald's* circulation has now picked up quite a lot from the low level of just on 1,500,000 to which it dropped earlier this year, this has only begun since it began to turn more of its attention to big news coverage. News for weekdays, but features for Sundays. It is features that sell the *Pictorial*. While the *Mirror* has grown notably more serious, the *Pictorial* has held its Sunday readership from falling too drastically by doing exactly the opposite.

The *News of the World* has fallen heavily in circulation. Not of course that the title was ever meant to be taken literally: the news the *News of the World* has been interested in has always been of a highly specialised character. But even for this sort of news the Sabbath afternoon taste does not now seem to be what it was. The *News of the World* is now trying to build up features. But it has not done it either quickly or boldly enough and a loss of 475,000 readers compared with the average of a year ago is the result.

An eminent newspaper chairman for whose judgments I have the highest respect has written to me, however, to suggest that one of the most significant factors in the newspaper situation at present – and in the rising sale of the more serious newspapers – is not so much that people want more news in their daily papers – although less in their Sunday papers – as that more people want more serious material. 'This,' he adds, 'may be the result of television which is surely having a considerable educational effect.' I wish I could believe this and I hope very much my newspaper proprietor friend will prove right. But I do not, I am afraid, find very much evidence in support of it – at any rate so far as the mass market is concerned, particularly in Sunday journalism. After all, despite their great and encouraging increases, the *Observer* and the *Sunday Times* between them still only account for less than a twelfth of the combined circulation of the *Pictorial*, the *People*, and the *News of the World* – these three in fact still turn out more than 17 million of the 27 million Sunday newspapers sold. And what has been particularly significant is that the two popular Sunday papers which have suffered most in circulation are the two which have been doing most to make themselves more serious: the *Sunday Dispatch* and *Reynolds News*. The circulation of the first has fallen by 21 per cent. compared with a year ago, that of the second by 19 per cent. The career of the *Sunday Dispatch* has been particularly interesting in this respect. It reached its peak sale when it was serialising *Forever Amber* and similar pieces of literature (interspersed it is only fair to say with a few less gaudy publishing successes). A while back Lord Rothermere decided, in what is surely a praiseworthy spirit, that something more serious and less sensational might now be offered the public. With the *Daily Mail* this policy has proved an outstanding success. It has increased and is now holding circulation by making itself a much more solid popular daily than it used to be – although when political issues arise its past is sometimes apt to catch up with it. With the *Sunday Dispatch*, however, exactly the same kind of policy has proved – circulation-wise – a disastrous failure. The more solid and the less sensational it has become the more its circulation has dropped – just as that of *Reynolds* at the other end of the political scale has done. Right or left, the newspaper reader, it appears, wants his Sunday reading highly coloured. Or it may be that for Sabbath reading serious journalism can only succeed if it is of the quality – and quantity – of the *Observer* and the *Sunday Times*. There is hardly any middle ground – and what does exist is rapidly contracting.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Here Be Dragons

AFTER nearly four years of uneasy and unheralded truce, the guns once more thunder across the Formosa straits, the MIGs stack up on the Chinese coastal airfields opposite Quemoy and Matsu, the Seventh Fleet strips for action and Chiang Kai-shek's public-relations men talk about repelling landings on the islands. That this is a carefully planned and purposeful operation is obvious from the scale of both the bombardment, which has been the heaviest ever known, and the build-up of artillery and aircraft, which has been proceeding now for a month. As we go to press, it is impossible to say whether it is intended merely to put a stop to the various patrol activities which Chiang's forces mount from the Quemoy and Matsu groups of islands; whether it is a prelude to the occupation of these off-shore islands; or whether, possibly, we are witnessing the first stage in the invasion of Formosa itself 120 miles across the sea.

Whatever the immediate purpose of Peking, the situation is dangerous – as much because of the ambiguities of US policy as because of the recklessness of Chinese. Mr Dulles has warned Peking that any attempt to seize Quemoy and Matsu would constitute a 'threat to the peace' in that area, and has added that nobody should assume that an attempt to take these islands 'could be a limited operation'. It is perhaps a small mercy that he has responded in such comparatively moderate language rather than rushing to embrace his old formula of massive retaliation. Nevertheless, his words are, as they stand, ambiguous. At the time of the last important flare-up in the Formosa straits, the US attitude was eventually defined, after the China Lobby and Admiral Radford had come near to pushing the world into war: Formosa itself would be defended by all-out American military action. No similar commitment was undertaken towards Quemoy and Matsu – unless it became apparent that a Chinese occupation of these islands was part of the invasion of Formosa.

Is this still the doctrine? Mr Dulles's words leave us uncertain. Whatever attitude the State Department may choose to take towards China, nothing could be more foolish than to make a *casus belli* out of this little group of islands, which lie closer to the mainland of China than does the Isle of Wight to England, which are of value to Formosa only as an offensive patrolling and intelligence base, which can be in any case rendered uninhabitable even without invasion, and which are recognised by almost the whole world (including Britain) as being in effect part of the mainland of China.

It is easy enough to recognise the folly of risking war over Quemoy and Matsu. Far more difficult is to recognise the fundamental problems of which China's present aggressive mood is but the symptom. It is now nearly nine years since the Chinese Communists completed their seizure of power, and during that time China has had a stronger and more stable central government than ever before in its history. Yet the regime is still not recognised by the US, and China is still not a member of the UN. In a smaller number of weeks the revolutionary junta in Iraq is recognised and even being supplied with British and American arms. During the Korean War, and later during the Formosa operations of 1954/55, it was repeatedly argued in the West (and especially by Britain, which had of course recognised Peking) that China's aggressive attitude made any shift in US policy towards Chiang Kai-shek almost impossible, and that the only chance of a satisfactory solution to the problem of the two Chinas lay in a period of quiet during which tempers could cool off and US opinion could gradually take a more realistic view of the facts.

For more than three years now there has been quiet – and the recognition of China seems as far off as ever. Indeed, it is only within the last three weeks that the State Department – sensing perhaps a 'dangerous' shift in popular opinion – has reaffirmed both its attitude of non-recognition, its article of faith that the Communist regime is transient and its active support for the puppet government in Formosa. It is small wonder if the Chinese consider that, in diplomatic terms, they have got precious little out of their three years of good conduct. When they ponder the examples of Suez and of Jordan, to say nothing of their own earlier experiences in Korea and Indo-China, they may well conclude that the UN is shocked into positive action only by the imminent threat of war.

It may be, indeed, that the current operations are designed simply to provoke a state of emergency and fear, in which the world will demand the presence of China in the UN with an urgency which even Mr Dulles might feel unable to veto. But this convenient explanation is too simple to be entirely convincing. That China seeks her rightful place in the UN is obvious; that she is no longer prepared to adopt a subservient and patient attitude towards America's contemptuous disregard for the facts of power is probable; but Chinese policy is a lot more complex than this. It is increasingly clear that the centre of gravity of the Communist world is shifting rapidly eastward; and there is a great deal of evidence that the fierce campaign against the 'revisionists' of Poland and Yugoslavia – and even of the Soviet Union itself – stems from Peking. Mao, in other words (so the whole Communist world believes) has compelled Krushchev to go back on most of his liberalising policies of 1955 and 1956, just as it was Mao who humiliated Krushchev before the whole world a month ago by dashing the Summit cup from his lips.

Two weeks ago this journal, in a leading article entitled 'The Trumpets of Peking' (*NS*, 16 August) discussed some of the internal stresses and problems which the Chinese Communist leaders are facing. For both political and econ-

omic reasons the doctrine of the 'hundred flowers' is dead and buried. China is rapidly moving towards a pattern of internal party dogmatism and tyranny which resembles Stalin's Russia at its most rigid, if not as yet at its most brutal. Externally, the relaxation of world tension, and the inevitable accompanying shift of Communist economic emphasis towards consumption goods and foreign trade, could slow down, in Mao's view disastrously, the supplies of economic aid upon which the rapid industrialisation and capital accumulation of China depend. And so, for reasons which are strictly comparable with those which confronted Stalin in 1926, the Chinese are now ushering in their era of narrow dogmatism, cold war and, almost inevitably, terror. 'National roads to Socialism' are permissible only so long as they all lead to Chinese Socialism.

But how, one may ask, is Mao in a position to dictate his terms to Krushchev? The very fact that he is still so largely dependent on Soviet economic aid, that he is isolated from the West and under military threat from the US, might suggest that he must negotiate with Krushchev from weakness, not from strength. The explanation of the paradox must be speculative. We know, for instance, too little of the power-stresses inside the Kremlin itself, or of how the Chinese may have succeeded in exploiting them. But one card at least Mao holds – and it is at present the ace of trumps. Alone among world leaders, he is not deterred by the great deterrent. At a time when the US and the Soviet Union can contemplate war only in so far as they may seek to snatch the occasion to strike a stealthy knock-out blow, the Chinese leaders make no secret of the fact that they are prepared, if the need arises, to face the full consequences of nuclear warfare and survive them. Of the 600 million Chinese peasants scattered across more than three million square miles of territory, a hundred or two million, they calculate, would survive world war, in a land radio-active but inhabitable. Then indeed would the meek be able to inherit what was left of the earth.

An appreciation of this nature, staggering though it is to all (including presumably European Russians) who have been brought up to western standards, is of incalculable diplomatic importance. For Mao can always afford to go one step further in brinkmanship than either Krushchev or Dulles; and this gives him a freedom of manœuvre and a bargaining strength which is denied to both his friends and his enemies. Against this background the problem of Formosa and the far wider problem of the whole relation of the West with Chinese Communism is seen in its true light. On the one hand, the principal policy-objective of the Chinese is the building of their own industrial and technological society, which will, they believe, assume in due course the hegemony of first the Communist bloc and then the rest of the world. This is the purpose of all their diplomacy and all their internal planning. There is no reason to suppose that they will seek war, which would undo all their material progress of the last nine years and damage them, at best, only just less grievously than the rest of the world. On the other hand, there is every reason to think that they will not be bluffed by American threats to abandon their vital objectives; and it is unwise to assume that the Russians – who perhaps can be bluffed – are any longer able to control the Chinese.

Mao, in fact, has broken the mould of world diplomacy. For a number of years now the diplomatic postures of both sides in the Cold War have been set in the pattern of the nuclear deterrent. Under the shelter of the mushroom cloud, the statesmen of both Russia and the West have staked out the area of their own dunghills, have derived the courage to crow from them, and have occasionally felt bold enough to sally forth on some minor foray – secure in the knowledge that they could scurry back to safety at a moment's notice.

The rejection by Communist China of the conventional assumptions upon which this deterrent diplomacy rests is of fundamental importance. For without these assumptions, external policy becomes again, as it usually was before the arrival of the nuclear deterrent, an open, calculated choice between force and negotiation. To warn the Americans against the dangers of depriving China of the channels of diplomacy is neither alarmism nor mere sentiment. The whole notion of shutting one's eyes to the existence of the largest, hardiest, most fertile and potentially most productive nation on the face of the earth depended on the acceptance by both sides of a deterrent so awful that it absolved the US from any of the customary obligations of diplomatic intercourse. Once the convention of the deterrent is rejected, the Americans will refuse to acknowledge the existence of China only at the risk of having to choose between surrender and real war – with consequences which would be almost too dangerous to contemplate. If Mr Dulles continues to obliterate the heartland of nearly a quarter of the world's population from the map of the world with the superstitious legend 'Here Be Dragons', he will have only himself to thank when his nightmare words come true.

London Diary

'Bishops Back Birth Control' made a grand headline for the popular press; it certainly had more news value than the fact that the Lambeth Bishops failed to back their brother churchmen struggling against racialism in South Africa and that they disagreed about the political wisdom of denouncing the indiscriminate slaughter of nuclear bombing. These were old evasions; the exciting thing was that this year the bishops ceased to hedge about birth control. They repudiated the doctrine that sexual intercourse is only legitimate as a means of procreation, and said that it was moral and Christian deliberately to plan when and how often to have children. This is indeed a revolution. Only two Lambeth Conferences ago the bishops deplored artificial methods of contraception on the *Herrenvolk* ground that 'they have become a danger to many civilised nations by a disproportionate reduction of their best stocks'. This year it was countries which were presumably excluded from the civilised category at former conferences that persuaded the bishops that social and economic conditions in crowded countries may change Christian doctrine. It was Indian bishops who persuaded their colleagues, somewhat reluctantly, I gather, to admit that family planning is more Christian than irresponsible procreation.

* * *

So America has at last been forced to admit that all nuclear tests can be policed. I had seen this coming, ever since this spring, when the American Atomic Energy Commission were caught out telling a whopping lie: they claimed that an underground explosion in Nevada gave no seismic signs beyond 300 miles, whereas in fact it had been detected in Alaska. At the recent conference in Geneva, I'm told, the US scientists were dumbfounded when the Russians showed they could not only date but describe the 'recipes' of all the US bombs tested. The fact is that today, Atomic Policemen can command a large number of complementary techniques: light-detection (if the bomb is fired high above the ground), radio-detection (because bombs give off wave-lengths), analysis of radioactive dust, measurement by microbarometers of sound-waves given off by air-bursts, of water-pressures from undersea explosions, and, of course, measurement of earth tremors by seismographs. If you divide the map into 1,000-miles square grids and put a UN post

in the centre of each, the whole globe – including oceans, deserts and frozen wastes – could be policed by only 200 stations. Twenty-five would cover the whole of the USSR and a mere seven the US. There is, however, one snag – at least for the State Department. The one major gap in the international inspection system would be Red China. How can you station control-posts in a country which you won't admit exists? The Vatican, I seem to remember, faced the same problem when it wanted to send Missionaries to the Far East via the Pacific, while still maintaining officially that the world was flat.

* * *

Mr Macmillan has not taken the trouble to acknowledge a petition signed by hundreds of well-known leaders of the world of art urging the governments of Britain, America and Russia to stop the testing, stockpiling and manufacture of nuclear weapons. The petitioners included the entire staffs of various British art schools, eight Royal Academicians and the majority of those who represent British art internationally from Henry Moore downwards. The petition has also been widely supported on the Continent. While Downing Street did not deign to reply, Mr Krushchev – a great writer of letters – has sent to Mr Raymond Watkinson and Mr John Berger, who originated this appeal (first in the columns of this journal) an ably worded reply, pointing out how particularly anxious artists must be in this matter since war 'represents the antithesis of all their creative activities'. The response to Krushchev's letter will be immediate throughout the non-committed nations of Asia and Africa where, somewhat comically, it will be assumed that, in contrast to the Communist countries, the western world is contemptuous both of the arts and human survival!

* * *

Morarji Desai who is now paying a visit to this country – he has never been out of India before – is likely some day to be Prime Minister of India. That, rather than his position as Finance Minister ready to discuss India's need of a loan, makes his visit exceptionally interesting. He is 62 years old and belongs to the generation just younger than the close associates of Gandhi. He has reached the centre of Indian politics through his reputation as a strict and, above all, an incorruptible administrator in Bombay. Though opinion is violently divided about him there, I should say that his reputation for efficiency and integrity has survived even the blow of the communal riots in Bombay state. Morarji's own solution for the controversial problem about Bombay's status under the state reorganisation plan was known to be the creation of Bombay City as an autonomous enclave – an idea which is not likely to be carried through. He is sometimes talked of as a sort of Hindu Stafford Cripps. He was out to reform the morals of Bombay; he wanted, for instance, to limit horse racing. Prohibition has been his particular child. His success here has, I believe, been a great misfortune for India. He is a vegetarian and even disapproves of tea and coffee. He stands on the right in Congress, and a government under his control would presumably concentrate on strengthening India's present economy, not on moving in a Socialist direction. His reputation as a right-wing business man with little interest or experience outside domestic politics makes him sound like an odd successor to Nehru, but I wouldn't like to prophesy what effect foreign travel, experience of Delhi and partnership with Nehru will have upon him. As often happens when I meet a man whose political opinions are the opposite to mine, the impression I formed of Morarji when I met him in Delhi was most agreeable – and quite different from what I had been told by friends to expect.

* * *

Twice in the past year I've mentioned the coffee-house which the *Universities and Left Review* group is planning to open in Soho. Since I have had a number of inquiries about it, I went down to Carlisle Street to see what was happening. It is almost finished, and I can see why its sponsors call it an 'anti-espresso bar'. Most of the coffee-bars that have sprung up in London are dark, fancily decorated dives; some of them cater for a regular clique, and some of them can only live if they hurry people out to make room for more paying customers. The Carlisle Street building, however, is light, simple, and large enough to let you linger as long as you like. It's an interesting innovation, both politically and in terms of design. So far, £5,000 has been raised in small amounts to pay for the premises and conversion, and the last £1,000 needed for furniture and working capital is now being found. For once, someone on the Left has done something more than talk about a new idea, and the fact that so many people have put money and effort into this project seems a guarantee that it is meeting the need for a left-wing rendezvous in London.

* * *

Eye-witness details have now reached me which fill out what the Chinese press reports of the extraordinary measures taken last April to kill sparrows in China. The campaign began when the Minister of Agriculture stated that the wheat and rice crops could be increased perhaps fourfold, if only 'grain-eating sparrows' could be destroyed. A new method of extermination was promptly adopted to finish the job which mere shooting, poisoning and snaring had begun. In the Peking area – and apparently throughout China – the whole population was turned out, in relays of three days, to kill small birds by preventing them from settling. Since a sparrow cannot continue in the air for many hours together a campaign operation of hand-clapping, bell-ringing, gong-beating, and firework explosions brought to earth tens of thousands of exhausted small birds which were then finished off by peasants and children, packed into baskets and triumphantly delivered up as so many counter revolutionary victims. The job was thoroughly done; teams were everywhere kept going by street committees and special groups roped in to seal up the nests. Even so, victory was not held to be complete because a large number of obstinate birds alighted on the branches of trees in embassy compounds. I am told that Chou En-lai himself pressed the diplomats concerned to take a hand. Some of them not appreciating the inescapable Marxist logic of Chinese agriculture hesitated, but accepted as a compromise the proposal to allow their locally employed staff to come out to clap and shout and wave flags until these enemies of the people fluttered helplessly to the ground. According to the Chinese press, care was taken to 'spare the chickadees and other useful species and songsters'. This seems to me a touch of positively Orwellian irony. I cannot guess – perhaps some competent ornithologist will tell me – what will be the effect on the crops if there are no birds to eat the grubs and insects which are also enemies of the harvest. For the moment the Minister of Agriculture is congratulating himself that yet another Socialist plan has been over-fulfilled.

* * *

Vicky's cartoon, on another page, showing Gaitskell's fall from the Gallup Poll (*News Chronicle* last Monday) is uproariously funny. 40 per cent. of Labour's own supporters say they would like 'a more definite Labour policy' and so would 15 per cent. of uncommitted voters. That means that much of the expected Labour vote is bored. It does not mean that Gaitskell is in any danger of falling from the leadership; on the contrary, his institutional security is stronger than ever. The sharp point of the cartoon is the boredom on the face of the working man.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Police Constable Harry Powell, posing as a variety artist to get inside the Spare Wheel Club, Manchester, sang 'Good-bye' for club members, it was stated yesterday when the club was struck off for serving drinks after hours.

The prosecution said one man had to be restrained when Constable Powell sang.—*Daily Express*. (P. O. Ono-gwu.)

A new strain of bright red rose, which was first called Atom Bomb, has been renamed Velvet Robe by a Derbyshire firm of nurserymen. It did not sell well under the original name.—*Manchester Guardian*. (M. H. Ballance.)

Notice the first letters of these Royal Family names: Prince Philip, Queen Elizabeth, Princess Anne, Prince Charles, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother.

They make up the very beautiful word—peace.—*Woman's Realm*. (W. Nelson.)

Macmillennium

'Express Photo News presents THE NEW MACMILLAN DRESSED TO KILL' (*Daily Express* caption).

Observe this photo of Macmillan
Guyed up to do a spot of killun:
Old and conventional the weapons he
Carries, by some absurd discrepancy,
And obsolete, by some mistake,
His shooting-stick and shooting brake.

Wretched photographer, whose focus
Is on the outward hocus-pocus!
Bring me a canvas, large as life,
And I will limn you Mac the Knife—
Macrodent mouth and hooded eyes
With dropped Macstache of pained surprise
What time, Macaque, you justified
Experimental homicide
And, in despair, we heard you speak
In accents of *Machtpolitik*
About your note—and Eisenhower's.
('Stop testing *yours* while we test *ours*.')

See in his hand the nuclear bomb
Balanced with casual aplomb—
A Machiavellian machination
To send Macmillions to damnation;
Macro-macabre, he beats a drum
To hail his Macmillennium
Of motherhood Macmutilated
When the last genes are Macmutated.

Unlike Belshazzar in his hall
He spurns the writing on the wall
And spews the borrowed wit and phoney
Of fustian dregs from Macaroni,
And then—more wholesale than Macbeth—
Sends unknown thousands to their death. . . .

Not even Herod had a spasm
Of such wide-spread Malthusiasm.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

University Blues

A SPECTRE is haunting Oxbridge – the spectre of a Royal Commission. *Learning to Live*, the Labour Party's current policy statement on education, has given the spectre substance by promising that a 'Labour Government *will* appoint a Royal Commission on universities'. Two of the suggested subjects are 'The admission of students' and 'The special position of Oxford and Cambridge' and their colleges. Dons, conservative and radical, are wondering what Oxbridge will look like to the Commission. Is it still part of the privileged 'royal road of preparatory school – public school – Oxford or Cambridge' described in the pamphlet? Certainly, whatever its merits or demerits, Oxbridge remains first choice for a majority of university applicants. The system of university entrance in Britain is chaotic. Spare places at one university and a surplus of applicants at others (who would have taken the places but did not know they existed) – this was the picture painted by the admirable *Report on an Inquiry into Applications for Admission to Universities* in 1955, published by the Committee of Vice-Chancellors and Principals in 1957. A sub-committee has recently made proposals for rationalisation; but as usual, Oxbridge is excluded from the scheme – and properly excluded because its problems are different. Oxbridge is special. That is why most students like to go there. And the thing that makes it special is, as *Learning to Live* recognises, 'the autonomy of the separate colleges'. It is the colleges which control admission of students.

More than any other university institution the residential colleges of Oxbridge can claim to provide 'a life shared with other students – particularly students of subjects other than one's own'. This the policy pamphlet regards as 'essential to university education'. They are 'free' and autonomous in function. They provide the closest contact between student and teacher. They select their own men (about one-third on open scholarship examination; the rest on varying systems of entrance, with the 'interview' always an important part). They receive no government grants (these go to the central university), unless the fees paid by the Ministry to or through their students be included. The abominations of the 19th century have been reformed – religious tests abolished, celibacy for dons repealed. What is there to worry the most conservative college fellow?

The answer is that word has gone out that all is not well with the social picture of 'admissions'. Indeed, it is being said in some quarters that Oxbridge is first on the list for reform. 'Snob entry to Oxbridge' – that is the trouble with the educational system of the country. Abolish that, dam up the 'royal road' at the point where it leads to its goal, and the need for public schools will vanish.

To those who are complacent about the Oxbridge scene (and they include many of the radical dons), it comes as a shock to learn that there is a secure factual basis for this attack upon the social make-up of their universities. The 1955 *Report* has analysed entrants for that year under four headings, and disclosed a staggering state of affairs. Commentators have previously pointed out that vast numbers of students are in receipt of state or local authority awards. Therefore, they have said, Oxbridge is now 'democratic'. What they have overlooked is that such awards are frequently made *because* the recipient has persuaded a college to give him admission to a place. The 1955 *Report* divided the men (women cannot be discussed here) admitted from United Kingdom schools into four categories: –

(1) Public Schools: 'Independent Schools in membership of the Headmasters' Conference', (HMC).
(2) Direct Grant Schools: (with at least 25 per cent, and often many more, free places).
(3) State Grammar Schools ('maintained' in various ways).
(4) Other Schools.

It was found that the analysable Oxbridge percentages were as follows: –

	Public	D.G.	State	Other
Cambridge	55.7	11.4	25.0	7.3
Oxford	44.4	11.4	39.1	4.5

The position was remarkably different at other universities; for example: –

	Public	D.G.	State	Other
London	24.7	8.0	61.3	4.9
Wales	3.6	2.6	90.0	2.9
UK average ..	21.3	12.6	60.2	5.0

Furthermore, the fascinating chapter of the *Report* on 'Social Origin' of students proves that the public-school boys of Oxbridge are certainly *not* working-class 'rockets' who have shot their way through the class barriers of our school system by sheer brilliance. The proportions of men at different universities whose fathers had a 'manual' occupation differed in a manner which was shown to be 'very striking'. Cambridge (9 per cent.) and Oxford (13 per cent.) were far behind all the others.

These figures are disturbing enough. Their significance increases when account is taken of the national picture of sixth-form education. Of the male school population over 17 years old in England and Wales, analysed in the Ministry of Education Report for 1955, 28 per cent. was at 'recognised' independent schools, 11 per cent. at direct grant, and 61 per cent. at state grammar schools. In that year also, the state pupils won 58 per cent. of the state scholarships awarded on results of GCE; the 'recognised' independent schools (a wider category than the *Report*'s first group) won 27 per cent. If state scholarships awarded as 'supplemental' to other awards (frequently Oxbridge college awards) are taken into account, the figures become 54 per cent. and 30 per cent. respectively. Also, about 65 per cent. of the local authority awards offered to those proceeding to universities in 1955 went to state grammar boys. Plainly, at this level, these boys hold their own. But why do so few of them break through to Oxbridge? Certainly no Socialist can look upon this picture with satisfaction.

The obvious place on which to put one's finger of reform is 'college admission'. It will be said (and there is no doubt that it has often been true) that too many of those who interview for such admission display an 'old boy' bias for the public-school boy. Perhaps more important than this is the advantage enjoyed by a boy coming from such a school, where the headmaster knows the ropes and is on the Oxbridge 'network'. He has a steady stream of boys to send through; he maintains regular contact with the colleges with which the school has a special 'connection'.

What can be done about this? There have been suggestions that if only college admission were replaced by some central, impartial test for admission, all would be well, and Oxbridge democratised. But such a scheme would probably do no more than introduce the defects of control and centralisation, without solving the problem. At the present time, although state school boys hold their own in GCE awards, they do not do so well in the open Oxbridge scholarship examinations. In 1957, for example, 50 per cent. at Cambridge, and 45 per cent. at Oxford, of the open, competitive college awards were won by public schools. Furthermore, direct grant schools in membership of HMC (about three-fifths of the total number) won 18 per cent. and 20 per cent. of those awards. Why do the grammar schools do so much worse here than in state scholarship awards?

The most violent opponent of the colleges would not be able to suggest that class bias caused these results in the scholarship examinations. The explanation probably lies in the nature of the resources available to different types of school. How many grammar school boys were sent even to try the Oxbridge scholarship examinations we do not know. But public and direct grant schools appear largely to monopolise the type of facilities needed for them: individual tuition (sometimes coaching, even 'cramming'), the laboratories and libraries, the type of teacher, the small classes. It is important to realise that the same advantages would be enjoyed by them under any system of reformed Oxbridge admission by centralised examination.

Indeed, from an Oxbridge window, the view presented to a radical don by *Learning to Live* is very depressing. We all know, do we not, that its idea of 'giving to all maintained schools the advantages of the best-known public schools, is pie-in-the-sky within any foreseeable future'. What Socialist Minister of Education can give to his 1,000 grammar schools the resources available from industry for the private-enterprise educational corner? Anyway, the grammar schools are to be made comprehensive; and the direct grant schools (which have provided a route to Oxbridge for many a working-class boy) are gradually to be closed down. The choice is to be between the free, comprehensive school and the fee-paying 'royal road'. The comprehensive school sounds a splendid idea; but to bring it into the system in this way will ensure that the number of university

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places won by working-class boys in the next 20 years does not increase; it will probably fall. Certainly at Oxbridge the public schools are likely to rejoice in a steadily increasing number of successes. If Oxbridge men really enjoy that 'better chance of getting on' which *Learning to Live* suggests they have, could not a thought be spared for the increase at those two universities of opportunities for admission for boys from less regal by-ways?

What, in effect, emerges is the simple fact that you cannot have democratic universities without a reasonably democratic school system. That a Socialist party can find no way of reforming an institution which, more than any other, divides our society into two, is ridiculous. Only by a gradual integration of the secondary schools of the country into one system can reasonably equal educational opportunity for all be established. That integration cannot be achieved quickly. But is the problem really so difficult that no start can be made? The cost to public funds: the risk of a short-term 'subsidy of middle-class children': the infringement of 'liberty' in interfering with a private monopoly of the best educational resources – are these too large a price to pay for a step in the direction of a less class-ridden society? Let the right of the community to organise a healthy school system at least be stated. Let us legislate the principle that every school owes the obligation, if called upon, to make a high proportion of non-paying scholars. From some such moderate step we might proceed to find pragmatically the right place for each school, the best and more interesting solution for each area.

For the present, no member of the Labour Party should be ignorant of the fact that to implement the 'separate but equal' programme of *Learning to Live*, with its educational 'Little Rock' policy, the next Labour government may need to take steps which will make even worse certain class divisions, such as that illustrated by the admissions situation at Oxbridge. At least let it not be supposed that problems of that sort can be solved in isolation from the general school picture. Meanwhile, the colleges will have to do what they can to ameliorate the present position.

K. W. WEDDERBURN

The H-Cert Bomb

'No good fer Southend,' the dirty-postcard man reproved us in a gentle way, 'you've gotter have technique, down 'ere.' We said the technique had worked all right, in Hampstead.

'Cor luv us . . . wot yer got on Hampstead Heath? Few chewed-up old bumper cars.' Proudly, he ran a finger down the horizon of candy-floss cloud to the screaming phantom train, illuminated elephants, cockle-drunk kids somersaulting on the rich, blowsy beach. 'You got competition, in Southend!'

He recommended a more compelling poster for our exhibition.

'I was in the 'orror trade meself, before them H-Cert films ruined the market, and I know what people like.' Disregarding a shrivelled customer who hung about trying to exchange his souvenir chamber-pot, the postcard vendor gave us a hint or two, wagging his kind blue chin: 'Put a big photo outside, of them atom bomb babies. And you oughter have a freak; one of them Death Ray freaks'.

He was quite right. You couldn't blame a holiday crowd for not rushing to see diagrams of fall-out, when their blood might be quicker congealed by thrills along the prom. For one thing, children weren't allowed at the Hydrogen Bomb exhibition, whereas they dragged their parents into 'Torture Thru The Ages'.

A genteel, white-haired lady sat behind the turnstile, knitting. 'Kiddies afraid? Goodness me, no. I've had little 'uns go round three times, while their mums wait outside.'

In the pitch black, loud with creaking machinery, the dummies maintain their apathetic calm, while being boiled in oil, broken on a wheel, guillotined, eaten alive by rats. Every 15 seconds, an electric tremor lit up the blindfold victim at whose pink waxy knee stood a chaplain, with his frozen, daft smile from a gents' outfitter.

Then came the top attraction: 'Multi-murderer Peter Manuel on the gallows'. A gang of shrill boys went out to complain, 'It's so dark we can't hardly see nothing. Is that the real rope?' Haughtily, the white-haired manager bent through her grille: 'Want a lot for sixpence, don't you?'

Still, her patrons enjoyed more torture at that price than Mr Tussaud could provide. His Inquisition tableau was feeble, compared with a vampire peepshow which only cost threepence. We elbowed off the pier, gathering advice from a sympathetic whelk merchant.

'Charge a tanner for goin in,' he urged, 'people know anything wot's free has got a catch in it, like the British Museum.' Scooping up whelks, he explained in a hoarse whisper: 'education, that's the catch'.

Around him the air was strong enough to chew, dizzy with fried onion, vinegar, Lysol. The tide had skeltered in, pinning fat women to the edge like jellied eels. Before the chara drivers could round up their mob, everyone had escaped to the pubs. In the Ivy, his moustache dredging a final gurgle of ale, the postcard man shouted, 'Cor luv us, haven't seen you in ages, Mr Coker'. Breezy as a marigold, Mr Coker said hullo all round.

'How's your cabbage growing?' they winked at him.

'Didn't you hear it go off bang yesterday?' he winked back, lowering a ginger eyebrow. Mr Coker used to run a farm, out in the estuary, but he had taken a job with the Atom.: Weapons Research Establishment, on Foulness Island. Only residents and AWRE employees can go to Foulness, on a bridge joining it to the mainland.

'Bloody loud bang your cabbage made last week,' insinuated the postcard man, shaking froth off his trombone moustache. Mr Coker gave a mysterious laugh. 'Ahah, you won't get no change outer me,' he said, although it was an open secret he mowed the lawn over there and couldn't tell an H-bomb from a bathroom geyser.

'Seen that show in Westcliff?' inquired the postcard man with an intellectual air. Mr Coker plunged into a pint before venturing, 'I wouldn't go near them nudettes, if you paid me'. 'Wot a mind you got,' rebuked his pal, nudging him roguishly. 'I mean the atom bomb show. Bet you could learn 'em some nuclear what's-it.'

Nose twitching with vexation, Mr Coker begged, 'Lay off it. Want me to be sacked?' As no one cared to aggravate local unemployment, conversation was diverted to a less delicate theme. Someone remarked, 'Shocking for August, ain't it?' while Mr Coker glared at a gruesome mug over the bar. To their relief, he suddenly exploded into glad waving:

'Hey, Venus! Wotcher, Venus . . .' She was rather an ordinary girl with banana-yellow frizz, and a dazed expression. No wonder, considering she had been at the bottom of a well all day, without a stitch on.

'I wish you wouldn't call me Venus. Miss Gumbell is the name.' After a pink gin, her face thawed. 'Don't arf get stiff,' she apologised, jerking her elbows to and fro. An admirer from out of town commiserated: 'Not much room to move, down that well'. Miss Gumbell flung back her frizz: 'Are you soft? It's all done by mirrors, silly. I'm lying under a tank of bloomin' gold-fish, behind the curtain'. Mr Coker bought her another gin. 'Bottoms up, Venus,' amid a huge splutter of mirth, 'or should I say, knockers up?' Everyone heaved in ecstasy, unable to speak. Wiping his eye, the postcard man told us: 'That's how to catch the public'.

Jerking her elbows in a temper, Miss Gumbell left. So did we, butted fore and aft by great bosoms making for the shore, once again bare and silver mud to the ebb tide. On the mackerel shallows, boats lay heeled over; small craft, like bits of lemon peel. Already, men were out searching for whelks. In black thigh boots, they moved like high-stepping horses over the mud. Foulness Point lay far to the east, invisible.

GERDA L. COHEN

The Arts and Entertainment

Mr Eliot at Colonus

T. S. ELIOT'S *The Elder Statesman*, which opened the Edinburgh Festival, is very much in the vein of *The Confidential Clerk*. Mr Eliot, in fact, seems to have settled now on a chosen form of dramatic convention, which might be described as ironic melodrama; and he conducts it in this play for at least two-thirds of its length with an altogether surer touch. The excellent first two acts, besides being profoundly interesting, are alive with that sardonic comedy, and with that elaborately dry humour of Mr Eliot's which works so particularly well in the theatre.

The play presents us with Lord Claverton, ex-statesman, ex-big-business chief, retired for reasons of health. His devoted daughter must postpone her engagement, for she has to take him to a rest home, and she knows that he will not come out of it alive. The old man has now finished with his public life, but life has not quite finished with him. Behind the *persona* he has built up, as a Top Person, and on which alone he has lived for these many years, looms the private man, the real man, from whom all this time he has been running away and whom in the last days he still has to face. He is brought up against this by the irruption of two revenants from the days before he became a public figure. The first enters with a fine comic surprise in the shape of one Gomez, who appears to be a South American blackmailer. The second is an ex-musical comedy actress, now well married, whom he seduced as an undergraduate. But they have come, these two, not to blackmail, but to haunt.

There are several themes, all favourites of their author's, interwoven in the play, but primarily there is the problem of identity and reality. You will notice that everyone has changed, or is going to change, his name, as if by doing so he could hope to escape from who he is. Gomez, for instance, was once Dick Culverwell, a poverty-striken undergraduate, who learnt extravagant tastes from the rich young Ferry (as Lord Claverton then was) and got into trouble and landed in prison. When he came out he went abroad and, prospering as the citizen of a South

American state, re-christened himself Gomez; Maisie Mountjoy, the singing star, has become Mrs Carghill, the wife of a furniture tycoon, but remains the same vulgar, small human being underneath. Claverton himself, by taking a title, has changed his name to fit his position. And now his son, who has run into debt, and is running away from that, wants to renounce the title and the name and start all over again as someone else. And, ironically, his father's past in the shape of Culverwell-Gomez is there to help him. Our past is insuperable and shapes our future.

To come to terms with ourselves, that is the problem. To establish the reality of what we have been in order to know what we are. And then we may find that what we have been trying to escape from in ourselves, to forget about in our earlier lives, is not as a rule anything particularly dramatic. It is not crimes we have committed but mean and shabby little actions. But mercifully there are things, perhaps, which when at last we confess them, won't seem so bad to others as they do to ourselves.

Confession to someone we love is the gate to reconciliation, and this is to make Mr Eliot's last act. Claverton in the rest home has a certain affinity to Œdipus at Colonus. He is persecuted by these two figures from the past, using his son to exert pressure on him, and so is urged by his Antigone and her young man to move on again. But no. If his son wants to go, let him go; he is a free moral agent. But Claverton-Œdipus is going no further; he has learnt what he must do. In confessing to his daughter he can find the peace to stay where he is and have done. Dramatically speaking, it must be admitted that this confession does not quite come off. Partly it is that the shady little secret from his Oxford days that Gomez knows has already been revealed to us too, so that this confession is a repetition and something of an anti-climax. Partly it is that the quarrel with his son, which is the catalytic element in his situation, has not been carefully enough prepared.

But if there is a weakness in this last act, it is only comparative. (A few words added in the very first scene would establish the father-son situation; a few words omitted in the first encounter between Claverton and Gomez would preserve the necessary surprise.) I don't think that *The Elder Statesman* will convert anyone who is antipathetic to Mr Eliot's later dramatic manner, but those who share with me a relish for it will have a most enjoyable evening. Written with a beautiful exactitude in his barest and boniest style, it is humane and wise as well as witty. The particular convention Mr Eliot employs deals with types, not characters, and so this is the one kind of play in which casting against type is likely to be unsuccessful. But only Miss Eileen Peel and Mr William Squire as the two ghosts are cast by type and completely succeed. The Elder Statesman and his Antigone and his son all could have been more helpfully cast. Mr Paul Rogers, Miss Anna Massey and Mr Alec McCowen are all as good as their inability to look their respective roles allows them to be.

Gabriel Marcel is to my mind an obscure writer. This is not, as he rightly insists, because he is, besides being a playwright, a philosopher too. His plays are not plays with a thesis or a message. Nor is the obscurity one of language or even of intention. His plays are perfectly realistic studies of human relationships. The obscurity is deliberate, but more honourable than much contemporary obscurity. M. Marcel believes, to put it crudely, that in all human relationships people's motives are obscure even for themselves. They are actuated by any number of cross-currents of feeling, and which exactly are operating in any particular crisis neither they nor we know. But where most writers pick out one or two or three motives and present them as the ruling passions, M. Marcel deliberately refuses us the comfort of that illusion. He presents the relationships and he presents us with as many of the feeling cross-currents as he can trace and then he leaves us to explain the characters to ourselves.

Thus in *Ariadne*, the play which the Arts have chosen to introduce him to us on the stage (Third Programme listeners will already be familiar with several of his plays), the chief character, Ariadne herself, is a woman of remarkable appeal who appears to be encouraging the affair between her husband, a rather weak young man, and a young violinist, Violetta. She appears to be doing this – she evidently herself thinks she is doing this – for the most disinterested of reasons. Her young husband has nearly been – or has been or perhaps has not been – a homosexual. By marrying him she has rescued him from the homosexual ambience. But she is an invalid – or thinks she is – and they have not in fact been man and wife. So his affair now with Violetta will be proof to her that she has rescued him and that he can go on, so to speak, from there. Is she really an invalid? The doctors say she has been but is now cured. What is her illness? It is undiagnosed, is perhaps psychosomatic. So her brother says, adding, too, that such illnesses are usually a form of homosexuality. And indeed she does seem to specialise in breaking up marriages by capturing the affection of the wife. That is what she did with her brother's marriage (this is obscured in the Arts version which cuts one important scene). And now she is doing it with her own. For she introduces herself to Violetta and captivates her, and this comes between Violetta and her own husband, while seeming to help them on. She goes so far in this as to offer Violetta money (for she is rich), if Violetta wants to marry. But doesn't she – or does she – realise that this is a sure way of breaking up the marriage prospect? Or is it only (as Violetta thinks) that she aims to 'taste at second-hand a fruit she could never have herself'? Whatever it seems to be, it certainly doesn't seem to be the altruism which Ariadne at first intended. Or is it?

M. Marcel, when asked, blandly replied that he didn't know himself. And though I think it is perfectly possible to justify this attitude in an author, the fact remains that the idea is more interesting than the play. For fear of falsifying M. Marcel will not even dramatise the confusion, and an undramatic play fails by definition.

T. C. WORSLEY

Summer Festivals

ANY Festival worthy of the much-abused name should offer something unique: a procession of box office favourites in a procession of routine classics is not enough. By this test Menton, Verona, Salzburg and Munich can all be said – more or less – to qualify: along with much standard fare, each in turn has lately provided an experience which was æsthetically valuable and not easily matched elsewhere.

Sometimes the *mise-en-scène* alone might seem to justify the stalest of programmes. Menton's little chamber-music festival is seldom very adventurous in choice of music or performers; but the setting – the still, warm night, the softly floodlit church, the sea far below, the lights of the Italian coast twinkling in the distance – is not only acoustically but æsthetically good: we are all turned for the moment into Lorenzos and Jessicas. A consort of strings or wind may fit such surroundings better than a Lieder recital; yet I should not like to have missed an evening of Mussorgsky songs superbly interpreted by Boris Christoff. His noble and finely disciplined bass ensured our pleasure in the more lyrical songs, while his keen dramatic instinct revelled in such satirical pieces as *The Seminarist* or *The Peepshow*.

The vast Roman arena at Verona was the first, and is still much the finest, of those open-air opera stages which have become such a feature of Italian musical life. It is a mistake to use so grand a setting for domestic operas like *Manon* or *La Traviata*; but *Aida* fills the huge frame to perfection. In fact, the whole enterprise started with performances of *Aida* in the summer of 1913; and it was therefore a particular pleasure to find that the current *Aida*, 45 years later, was being conducted by the very same man, Signor Tullio Serafin – conducted, moreover, with absolute mastery of the grand Verdian style. The tempi were perfectly judged; the chorus was magnificently resonant; the orchestra, including a strong contingent from that of La Scala, produced a softly glowing string tone that filled the night with beauty, while every phrase uttered by the first flautist, Signor Pellegrini, showed him to be a musician of the rarest quality. The singers were mostly very good. Carlo Bergonzi has not the heroic timbre required for a Radames, but he sang his music clearly and cleanly, without a smudge or an ugly phrase from beginning to end. The powerful Giangiacomo Guelfi is probably the best of contemporary Amonasros; and the young Franco Ventriglia, in the small part of the King, made a great impression by the purity and beauty of his basso cantante. There was a promising Amneris in Adriana Lazzarini, but I could not share the general enthusiasm for Antonietta Stella's Aida: plentiful sobs are no proper substitute for warm tone and truly musical phrasing.

In this huge amphitheatre the presentation of opera, though always spectacular and monumental, has often, in the past, seemed to aim no higher than a first-class military tattoo. But things have changed, and for the better. The current *Aida*, newly staged by Herbert Graf and newly designed by Piero Zuffi, is not only a stupendous spectacle, but continually pleasing to the eye and stimulating to the dramatic sense. In the Triumph Scene the colours were not garish but beautiful; the deployment of the vast armies of supers was not mechanical but imaginative; and the sudden irruption of the Ethiopian prisoners – a grey, disorderly rabble tumbling headlong down an endless flight of steps – produced a thrilling effect wholly in keeping with Verdi's intentions but never (in my recollection) so well realised in conventional performances.

Besides *Turandot*, which I did not see, the Verona programme also included Donizetti's *La Favorita*, effectively conducted by Molinari Pradelli, which was again a delight to the eye. This dramatically confused opera probably owes its survival largely to the fact that it offers a leading tragic role to a mezzo-soprano: an opportunity splendidly seized by the captivating Giulietta Simionato. The tenor (Gianni Poggi) has little chance except in 'Spirito gentil'; but the role of Alfonso XI of Castile was a favourite of such old-time baritones as Battistini, and was quite handsomely sustained at Verona by Ettore Bastianini. In the last act the music suddenly reaches a much higher level: it can scarcely be an accident that the musical and emotional situation of Donizetti's Leonora – an unhappy figure standing outside a monastery, whence the voice of her unseen lover can be heard in soaring cantilena – should so closely anticipate the two more famous Leonoras of Verdi, those of *Il Trovatore* and *La Forza del Destino*.

At Salzburg I could hear only Samuel Barber's *Vanessa*, which, apart from the Viennese chorus and orchestra and one or two minor roles, was a wholesale importation of the successful Metropolitan Opera production of last season. It is easy to see why this opera, with its sumptuously romantic atmosphere, should have scored an initial success, though I fear its inherent unreality must weaken its chance of maintaining a place in the repertory.

The fact is Gian-Carlo Menotti's libretto is an absurd concoction, strongly flavoured with 'gracious living' as understood in the advertisement pages of the *New Yorker*, which provides a few theatrically effective situations set in a peculiar limbo somewhere between Ibsen and Ouida. A great composer can triumph over a silly libretto; but neither Verdi nor Puccini could have felt, or aroused, much sympathy for such a set of characters as neurotic Aunt Vanessa, waiting 20 years for the return of a lover and then running off with his son instead (do they live happily ever after?); as the young man himself, a cynical opportunist without the saving grace of wit or charm; or even as poor little seduced Erika, who rushes out into the snow with the cry: 'His child! His child! It must not be born!' The wonder is that Barber, falling avidly on this trash, has managed to do so much with it.

His score, though not indeed strongly individual, is still immensely spirited and proficient. A good singer himself, and the nephew of a great one, he writes expressively for the voice and brilliantly for the orchestra, providing three or four infinitely attractive lyrical passages and an enjoyably doleful Quintet. Against the appropriately swell decor of Cecil Beaton, the principal roles were well performed by Eleanor Steber, Rosalind Elias and Nicolai Gedda, and Giorgio Tozzi scored a great success in the well-written minor part of an old doctor. Dimitri Mitropoulos was the excellent conductor.

Perhaps it was unfair to *Vanessa* to have seen it the night after an exquisite performance of that masterpiece of Strauss's old age, *Capriccio*, with its witty and ingenious libretto by Clemens Krauss. Moreover, this performance was given in the newly restored 'Cuvilliés-Theater' in Munich. When the old Residenz-Theater was bombed to dust in 1944, few realised that almost the whole of its wonderfully rich rococo decorations had been safely removed to the country. Now that they have reappeared, even more brilliant than before, though surprisingly in a new location (within the Residenz, the former site having been used for a new theatre), old Munich opera-goers feel as though a dear and long-lost friend had been miraculously restored to life. And *Capriccio* might well have been planned for just this theatre – or the theatre for *Capriccio*! Altogether, with Lisa della Casa as the Countess and a perfect orchestral and vocal ensemble under the sensitive guidance of Robert Heger, this was an evening of unmixed pleasure; and the division of the opera into two parts with a brief interval, though theoretically wrong, proved to be practically helpful in that it allowed us to take breath and plunge again, with renewed enjoyment, into the conversational delicacies and intricacies of this supremely civilised and accomplished score.

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A gloom has been cast over the opening of the Edinburgh Festival by the news of Vaughan Williams's sudden death at the age of 85. I hope to find space next week to say a word or two about the varied achievements of his long and fruitful life.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Take it Easy, Chum!

IT is said that an elephant is easier to recognise than to define. The same is perhaps true of the quality, manner, or state which is usually called 'being relaxed'. This quality, valuable in many kinds of performance on both television and sound-radio, might be defined, negatively, as the opposite of tenseness or slickness; yet it is far from being a mere cow-like placidity or passiveness (which would certainly not hold the viewer's or listener's attention as an easy, relaxed manner does). It may often be a result of long experience of a medium, yet some beginners seem to have it naturally: can it be acquired by deliberate effort (or by taking tranquillisers), or is this apt to show, in an obvious straining for effect? On the whole, I am inclined to think that a complete mastery of one's subject or material is the first essential, and a sufficient familiarity with the technique of the medium the second: if a performer has both of these, he is free from two main causes of anxiety or self-consciousness. (A third cause of anxiety, which often, quite perceptively, leads to an unseemly rush of words at the end of a programme, is the maddeningly mechanical split-second timing of ITV: the commercials are master, and won't brook an instant's delay.)

Whatever the secret of this quality, it turns up refreshingly in all sorts of programmes and in performers of all kinds and ages. Ian Trethowan of ITN has it, both when newscasting and still more in his *Look Ahead!* programme. So has Gerard Fay, who manages most deftly his survey of current affairs 'in depth', *Undercurrent*. So had the Abbot of Downside last Sunday, leaning back and chuckling through his homely anecdotes illustrative of the love of God, to Mr Betjeman's rather less relaxed and more agonised and ecstatically admiring *'Oh*, how good . . .!' and 'Yes, I *see*. . . .' Two even lighter entertainers who have lately manifested to a marked degree this gift (or achievement) of being relaxed are an experienced and popular American singer, Julius La Rosa, and a relatively inexperienced English singer, Mike Preston (who may well outdistance Steele and Presley in the next few years but is at present, wisely, sticking to a job which perhaps helps him to feel at ease in a studio – photographing animated cartoons for detergent and other commercials).

Nowhere is a relaxed air more important than in such discussion-programmes as *The Brains Trust*. In this sort of programme, however, there is the danger that relaxedness will degenerate into mere desultory waffling (punctuated by that inordinate amount of giggling at their own and each other's jokes with which clever panellists infuriate so many viewers). This danger is less successfully avoided in *Who Said That?* – which, delightful as its participants are, never quite clicks, for me – than in *The Brains Trust* itself. *The Brains Trust*, as a TV programme, will be three years old on 7 September: the anniversary will be celebrated by a good representative team – Sir Julian Huxley (completely, and charmingly, relaxed), Dr Bronowski, Alan Bullock, and Sir Arthur Bliss, with Norman Fisher (almost *too* relaxed, sometimes) in the chair. Of the nine question-masters that there have been, the latest one, Robert Kee, is one of the best – just brisk enough in his steering, quick-witted, romantically tense-looking, not at all relaxed, perhaps because he is not yet sufficiently used to keeping all those distinguished dons in order.

For I don't want to suggest that this quality that I've been harping on is invariably necessary to television success. It isn't. Robin Day, for one, rarely displays it, except at lighter moments. Daniel Farson, one of the best of the young TV people, isn't in the least relaxed; he is as taut as a poised spring-trap. Nor, of course, can this manner be used in drama, except where it is appropriate to character. Nothing could have been tenser than Rosalie Crutchley, in last Sunday's BBC production of Ibsen's *Lady from the Sea*, in the difficult part of the fey second wife of the country doctor, with her *mystique* of the sea and her sea-borne lover – a tiresome part in a tiresome play, but superbly acted.

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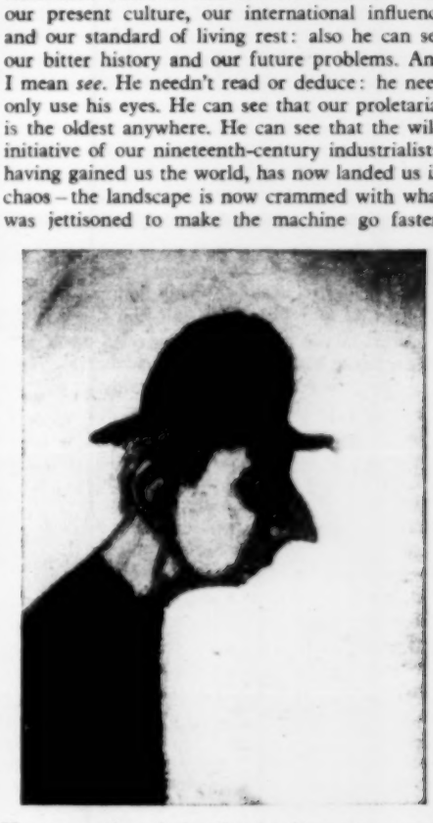
Post hoc . . .? Athens Radio was unjammed in Cyprus a day or two after its continued, and absurd, jamming had been commented on here; and, just one week after I had criticised another absurdity – the BBC's 'quaint, lingering prudishness' in not quoting the odds at race-meetings, the BBC began, as a regular practice, to report the prices of horses placed in each race.

TOM DRIBERG

Major at Wigan

WHENEVER a foreigner takes an interest in this country I ask him whether he has been to the Midlands. There he can see the basis on which our present culture, our international influence and our standard of living rest: also he can see our bitter history and our future problems. And I mean *see*. He needn't read or deduce: he need only use his eyes. He can see that our proletariat is the oldest anywhere. He can see that the wild initiative of our nineteenth-century industrialists, having gained us the world, has now landed us in chaos – the landscape is now crammed with what was jettisoned to make the machine go faster.



He can see how industrial development on such a scale had to change the very heart of the people. Yet despite the fact that appearances there are so eloquent, there have been very few painters of the scene. Today there is only Lowry and Theodore Major. If the art world were not exclusively obsessed with formal mannerisms, these two artists would have been taken up and presented internationally for their 'documentary' value, if for nothing else. In fact, both of them have more value than that.

Lowry's work is fairly well known even if not properly understood, so I want to discuss Major's work. (At the moment he has twenty canvases at

the Crane Gallery, South King Street, Manchester.) Major was born near Wigan in 1908 and has lived round about the town ever since. Apart from a number of still-lives, his subjects are the views and people of his town. His attitude is quite different from Lowry's. A long way back he is influenced by Rouault, and his interest is specifically human and tragic. Lowry, by comparison, seems to live on the hill, above what he paints – to belong to the suburb. Major appears to live beside what are given as the principal buildings of Wigan – the Royal Albert Edward Infirmary and Dispensary, the Public Hall, the Borough Courts.

He is an uneven painter. His best canvasses usually of old men and women – a newspaper seller, a knocker-up, an old mill girl – deserve to hang among the best English paintings of our time, alongside the early Spencers and the best Hermans – with which, in attitude rather than in method, they have a little in common. His less successful pictures are sombrely crude – as if done with too big a brush, with too superficial an eye on late Rembrandts. In fact, this is not why they are unsuccessful – I describe only their appearance. Major's most moving successes and his worst failures are equally dependent on the way in which he works, upon the nature of his vision, and this in turn is dependent – I believe – on his environment. Stay a week in Wigan and use your eyes. It will then become apparent that it is little short of miraculous that a painter can paint there at all. Fog, rain, smoke, soot and dereliction fumble around and enclose all forms. Everything is seen as through an old discoloured sheet of mica. Wigan lies fathoms down in what Blake quite practically called 'the dark world' of the new industries. The examples of Piero, Vermeer, Monet, Cézanne – to take four very different artists – are all useless because all demand a minimum definition and light which Wigan can't meet on its brightest day. Major, like Turner (who, for the same reasons, also had many failures), has had to visualise, not look. The half-tones in Major's work are never revealing because he never sees light playing between its two extremes. He must rely upon the blunted silhouette and the obscuring shadow. He himself says that he can never see what he is painting if he looks straight at it. Of course not. Because he has never really been able to look straight at an object as painters in other places have. He says he works best on ill-lit days. He cannot search. He must wait for what emerges: a man out of the fog on the bridge over the canal which reflects less than a dirty blanket; a face out of a shawl; an eye out of the confusion of old age and a life's ceaseless work.

When what emerges is inadequate, the result – however vigorous the pigment – is 'thin' and 'crude'. When what emerges is a moment's visualisation fully received and understood by the intelligence and the compassion of a hard lifetime, the result is unique: a portrait of an inhabitant of a world never before painted. When, for example, one looks at his painting of an *Old Lady*, it is like the experience of entering a dark cottage: gradually one's eyes adapt to the light and one sees that behind the murk there is a woman who cooks, who has had children, who has dreams, and who has a tongue as sharp as a bright knife.

Major has been criticised for concentrating on what is called the 'grim'. But to the opportunists, so easily bred in our society, tragic nobility is always grim. It undermines their faith – just as it strengthens ours. It is true that Major is involved with the past of Wigan rather than the present. But Wigan will belong to the past until it has been rebuilt. True, there are television aerials. True, too, that 'In the twentieth century, mourning the dead lasts but one year'. And Major, like Hikmet, understands the tragedy of that.

I might end there. But I want to quote the critic of the *Manchester Guardian*, in order to emphasise that the light is not the only obstacle that a painter in the North has to face:

> His present show . . . is the first we have seen of him for several years. It is as if, after a song, a long silence has been broken by a moan. With two exceptions the paintings are in black, white and grey, broadly and skilfully painted essays on loneliness, on old age, on blindness, on death by the bomb. They are dramatic, but often more repulsive than deeply moving, and although disciples of the school of gloom may take them to their hearts, most of us will prefer the two exceptions.

From what I have already explained I trust that the complacent, parochial philistinism of this is obvious. But a few factual corrections for Northern readers. The paintings are *not* monochromatically grey: they include earth colours. They are *not* skilfully painted – on the contrary. They are *less* dramatic than what you can see in any pub or Lyons. They are repulsive only to opportunists. And we, I suppose, who believe that men control their own destinies, are the school of gloom!

Also at the Crane Gallery there are some searching seascapes by Brian Bradshaw. The integrity of these paintings suggests that he will understand why I have devoted this article to the work of a grossly neglected artist, who is now 50 years old.

JOHN BERGER

This Horror Wave

It's a bloody bore before even it has got going. Is it anything worse? *The Fly* started off harmlessly enough, with a modicum of nastiness and enough laughs for those with their brains in order: one won't quickly forget the child with the butterfly net chasing Daddy (a white-headed fly) and the glorious climax of that Mickey-mouse voice squeaking 'Save me, save me!' when eventually fly gets webbed. *The Revenge of Frankenstein* (Plaza) brings an old favourite back. Won't he *ever* retire? It doesn't look like it. Mary Shelley may have killed him off 150 years ago, but here he is again (in the person of Peter Cushing), tighter lipped than ever, deathless. Within two minutes he has been brought to the guillotine and executed – ah, but the knife falls on the priest instead and he escapes; within ten minutes he has said 'Good evening' very politely to a body-snatcher, who drops dead into the grave just opened. This starts the Baron off well, and soon, while 'the whole continent breathed a sigh of relief at his execution', he is busy collecting arms and legs and brains: his voluntary work in a poor ward much assists this. Soon he has a prefab man on the way. In that dungeon laboratory lights flash and jars bubble: we admire the electricity, so ahead of its time, while deploring the psychological miscalculation that creates a cannibal in place of a model specimen of humanity. Really, very careless indeed! Of course the cannibal gets loose, and prefers a blonde – but hasn't time to tuck in – then bursts in on a brunette at a musical soirée, sees his Master, cries 'Frankenstein, help me', giving, one would have thought, the whole game away. But a Continent, still 'breathing its relief', is slow off the mark. Frankenstein gets beaten up by his patients who have grown tired of being dismembered; dies; and resurrects in another new man waiting for just such a brain-lift. We leave him happily practising in Harley Street. But will that quench ambition? Alas no; another film is already on the way in which he has caught up with TV and A-bombs.

The Revenge of Frankenstein is half-witted stuff that can only keep going by being disgusting. And disgusting they are, these severed arms and brains transferred from one cranium to another, dropped dripping into a jar on the way for admiration. What next? The horror-mongers, it seems, propose to dig up Poe, to re-make *Caligari*. I am no devotee of that art piece, but I should hate to see it dragged down to sewer level.

Then comes a film from Russia to remind us that, while we boast the freedom, they may sometimes have the advantage. *Quiet Flows the Don* (Berkeley) is no masterpiece, but it embraces life, not disease; it stems from the Stalinist era, is modelled on Donskoy, begins a trilogy with the people in a Cossack village under Tsarism. Part One ends with the revolutionary rumblings after 1914. Much of its story concerns an overflowing wife who finds a lover under the hay cart, and when she runs away with him is faithless again, in his absence, with a land-owner's son, who carefully removes pince-nez before seducing her. Direction, by Sergei Gerasimov, acting, photography, script, all catch the eye and quicken the emotion; even the faults, a certain operatic edge to the principals and the sub-plots of the Marxist carpenter inadequately worked out, impart energy. I have not read Sholokhov's novel, but I suspect that the film follows it closely in its mixture of realism and literary 'strong meat'. It isn't quite the best; but, good heavens, how grateful we should be for even a tithe of its impulse this side of the curtain!

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

CONFESSIONS IN ULSTER

SIR,—'Torture is senseless violence, born in fear', says Jean-Paul Sartre in his preface to Henri Alleg's book *The Question*. I had just read this book when I found Mr Hostettler's letter in your issue of 16 August. There is a curiously close correspondence between the book and the letter, although the time schedule and other factors render it impossible that that tortured Irishman Mallon could have read of the tortured Frenchman Alleg.

The nakedness, the lighted cigarette end, the foul-smelling liquid, all these were inflicted on Alleg, as on Mallon. But most coincidental—and most convincing of all—is the allegation that one of Mallon's interrogators 'behaved like a maniac, crawling over him and clawing him'. This is corroborated by Alleg, chapter and verse. This, more than any other aspect of the proceedings, seems to confirm, if not to inspire, that cogent sentence of Sartre's.

It seems to me that this mad violence, as described by Mallon, must convince the last sceptic of the truth of his story. So senseless is it, so far beyond the bounds of popular conception, that it is unthinkable that this young man could have invented it. And Alleg, a trained observer and an educated man, confirms it for us. Thinking it over, as one reluctantly has to do, it is found valid for all such cases. The torturer, not being a full-time professional, has to whip himself into an insane rage before he begins—a rage which increases, through his inner conflict, with every blow and burning, with every cry of his victim.

We, in British Ireland, have long been aware of and accustomed to police beatings and blows. I have a friend (his name enclosed, but not for publication) who was arrested late at night by the Royal Ulster Constabulary, for singing in the street. He was elderly, eccentric, ex-headmaster of a noted Belfast school. He protested volubly at the rough treatment he received, and demanded the presence of his

solicitor. As a result, the police kicked his shin bones over and over again, leaving them—as I have seen, and as you, sir, could still see—nicked and splintered for life. Charged with drunkeness, it turned out that he was manic-depressive, and in temporary need of mental treatment.

We protestant Irishmen, whose interests lies on the side of the Establishment, have tolerated and condoned a great deal in the belief that our police were on the side of law and order. But a case like Mallon's proves to me, at least, that I have been mistaken in that belief, for torturers, in the United Kingdom, can plead neither law nor order.

Also, I was wrong in that toleration of violence—and I may pay for it yet. The RUC may, under the Special Powers Act, arrest and hold without trial anyone they choose to suspect. It seems, too, that without benefit of any Act, they may then proceed to torture him. He may be acquitted like Mallon, and like my friend, but he will carry the scars, both physical and mental, to his dying day.

It would therefore seem that we are, all of us in Northern Ireland—innocent and guilty alike—in grave danger from this police force and the powers which run it. We must now beg for the support of enlightened British opinion in claiming an official—and impartial—inquiry. Let us pray that you do not tell us that it serves us right.

JOHN D. STEWART

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Gibraltar

SIR,—Any impartial observer will readily accept the view of Lt.-General Sir Brian Kimmins, former GOC Northern Ireland, on the question of the work of the Royal Ulster Constabulary over that of Mr John Hostettler. Sir Brian worked in close association with the RUC for several years and now from his retirement in Somerset he testifies to their efficiency and fairness. Mr Hostettler, on the other hand, accepts at their face value certain statements made by two prisoners although the allegations they made about being tortured were strenuously denied by the police, supported by reliable witnesses. Further, Sir Brian is an unprejudiced witness in this matter; Mr Hostettler is not. Whether by accident or design he concealed from your readers the fact that he was the emissary at the trial about which he wrote of the Connolly Association, a notoriously anti-British and anti-Ulster organisation, which even the government in Dublin cannot stomach. From such a source it would be a miracle to expect anything favourable either to Northern Ireland or to Great Britain.

We in Northern Ireland are perhaps not quite so gullible as Mr Hostettler. Being more practical and hard-headed, we look for proof to support wild charges of the kind made by Mallon and Talbot at their trial. Perhaps, too, we have more experience of the IRA raiders than Mr Hostettler. We know that when they find themselves in the dock they adopt one of two courses: they either refuse to recognise the court (in which case a plea of not guilty is entered and the trial proceeds) or if they have made a statement incriminating themselves, then their defence is that the confession was extorted by force and torturous methods employed by the police. It is good propaganda for their cause for such allegations usually catch the headlines; it deceives no one here who knows these tactics.

Then Mr Hostettler had a tilt at the Special Powers Act. It was the machinery of this Act which was brought into operation to detain Mallon and Talbot after the jury had found them not guilty on the capital charge. As Mr Graham pointed out last week, the two men were charged two days later with other offences connected with the emergency in Northern Ireland, and subsequently they were returned for trial. The hearing will take place in October, and one of the accused will be arraigned on 15 charges. Mr Hostettler, for reasons best known to himself, omitted to give these facts in his letter.

The Special Powers Act was enacted by the Northern Ireland Government to meet the menace of civil war conducted from territory other than its own. The Act will be repealed just as soon as the defence forces in Northern Ireland defeat the tip and run raiders from Eire and thus bring the emergency to an end. It will not be repealed before that time. Meantime it will be used to put out of harm's way those who would endanger life and limb and help in the destruction of property.

The campaign against the lawfully constituted government of Northern Ireland has been going on, at intervals, for nearly two years, during which time four policemen have been killed and 15 injured, while eight raiders have perished and a number have also been injured. Something like 400 incidents have taken place, some representing considerable damage to property and public services, and the cost is somewhere in the region of £700,000, excluding damage to government property which has suffered considerably. In face of this fierce campaign the government would be failing its duty as the properly elected government of this state if it did not take all possible steps to maintain law and order and defeat the menace of the gunman. That is the reason for the Special Powers Act and no other, though it should be added it is only one weapon in the government armoury in this continuous struggle.

Let it not be forgotten that these misguided raiders are carrying on their campaign not against an autocracy such as is found in the Middle East or against a dictatorship of the Eastern European type, but against a government which has been repeatedly re-elected at properly conducted democratic elections, based on the British model. Only last March the Northern Ireland government received an overwhelming vote of confidence from the people. Not only that, but in 1955, for the first time for many years, Sinn Fein contested all the 12 Ulster seats in the British Parliament. The vast majority of our people demonstrated by the well-recognised method of the ballot box their desire to retain their British connection. For every vote cast for Sinn Fein five were registered for the maintenance of Northern Ireland's constitutional position within the United Kingdom. In face of these facts the antics of these raiders are futile.

W. DOUGLAS
Secretary

Ulster Unionist Council
3 Glengall Street
Belfast

SIR,—I live in Ulster but not in Northern Ireland and the legal system of the part of Ulster in which I live is not under scrutiny in the present context.

Mr Graham is pleased to 'underline' the Not Guilty verdict in the recent trial of the two young Irishmen who were charged with the murder of Sergeant Ovens, RUC, on the strength of alleged confessions which the defence held were extracted from them under duress while in police custody. The court clearly did not accept these confessions. Whether the court would have thought differently had there not been so much publicity attached to their trial is anybody's bet. But the fact remains that these two men were immediately returned to the charge of the same body which they had been openly accusing of torture in court, to be at once charged with a new series of serious offences against the Northern Ireland government. They have since confessed to these offences with commendable promptitude, and face a fresh trial, as Mr Graham notes with undisguised satisfaction. On 6 August, The National Council for Civil Liberties in the United Kingdom noted with deep regret that these acquitted men were immediately taken into custody again, and draw attention to 'the fact that these men had already been held in custody for many months, that they had, on three occasions, had to face the opening of the trial and that they had been found not guilty'. Mr Graham may approve of this sort of thing, I do not. But then, Mr Graham is a Unionist of the Plantation colony in Ulster, while the accused men are Irish. This is not a 'racialist' statement, but a plain historical fact, just as there are Greeks and Turks in Cyprus.

For the record, though it is not important: I come of pre-plantation Irish stock from Co. Down, and I resumed the earlier Irish version of the family name, which is not hyphened, with the approval of the Chief Herald of Ireland, and the authority of the Government of Ireland. I do not want Mr Graham to change his name to 'something more Irish': I prefer to know him for what he is.

ERIC D. O'GOWAN

Bellamont Forest
Co. Cavan

SCIENTISTS ON TRIAL

Professor MARCUS OLIPHANT, F.R.S.
Physicist of the Australian National University.

Dr. LINUS PAULING, Nobel Prize Winner
Physical Chemist of the Institute of Technology, Pasadena.

Professor C. H. WADDINGTON, F.R.S
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BY

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WHO RULES FRANCE?

SIR,—May I, through you, ask your Paris Correspondent a question? If Mr Macmillan allowed Sir Hugh Foot to send home from Cyprus a popular colonel who had publicly criticised his superior officers' handling of the anti-terrorist campaign, would he regard this as a sign that the Prime Minister did not rule in Britain? Even if it was thought that Mr Macmillan in his heart of hearts believed the popular colonel to be right, would it seriously be held against him that he allowed an insubordinate officer to be transferred to another post? Surely not.

Why, therefore, does your Correspondent devote a whole article in your last issue to the single proposition that because De Gaulle has not intervened on behalf of Colonel Bigeard, who had publicly criticised General Salan, his civil and military superior, the French Prime Minister does not rule in France? Mr Karol puts forward the novel theory that this popular colonel's insubordination provided De Gaulle with a heaven-sent opportunity to restore the authority of the State in Algeria. But General Salan, whom the colonel attacked, *is* the authority of the State in Algeria. De Gaulle has so invested him. How could De Gaulle strengthen the authority of the State by allowing it to be flagrantly flouted?

Nor does it seem to me as clear as it does to Mr Karol that De Gaulle, if he was strong enough to do so, would want to support Bigeard against Salan. This, I take it, is the crux of Mr Karol's argument, since he concludes from the fact that De Gaulle has not done so that he is unable to do so. Colonel Bigeard, in giving his interview with *Paris Presse*, in which he denounced his C-in-C, surely committed the very sin of which he accused Salan—intervening in politics. Mr Karol may only choose to recognise military meddling in politics when the meddler happens to advocate policies of which he, Karol, disapproves. But I do not see why he should expect De Gaulle to adopt so limited a view.

As far as I can see General de Gaulle has reacted as any other Prime Minister would react in similar circumstances. It may well be that Salan was a hopeless appointment in the first place. It may well be that Mr Karol's dislike of De Gaulle is justified. But if your Correspondent is right in these views why does he find it necessary to back them in so unconvincing a way?

PEREGRINE WORSTHORNE

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[K. S. Karol writes: It is difficult to compare what is not comparable. If Mr Macmillan had been brought to power by a military putsch in Cyprus, we would be entitled to discuss his ability to control his proconsuls. The question, luckily, does not arise. In France there were people who hoped that De Gaulle, in spite of the manner in which he was brought to power, could bring the military junta to obedience. The case of Colonel Bigeard, which I quoted among many, provided him with an opportunity to assert his authority. Colonel Bigeard, though a paratroopers' hero, was the only superior officer who refused to take part in parafascist Committees of Public Safety. In sacking him, General de Gaulle once again took the side of the leaders of the 13 May. These do not need to be 'insubordinate' since their wishes are orders in Algerian questions.—ED., *NS.*]

THE *HINDU* STRIKE

SIR,—I was 'properly shocked'—as Critic was—on reading that he had suddenly taken up cudgels on behalf of 'veteran editor Srinivasan' in relation to the very legitimate strike of the workers of the *Hindu*.

Critic and other left-wing progressives would do well to know that Mr Srinivasan, so far as the trade union movement is concerned, is one of the old 'stick-in-the-mud' school. Unionism has spread far and wide in our country during the ten years since independence. But because of Srinivasan's autocratic anti-union outlook, till last year the workers of the *Hindu* were too frightened of victimisation and sudden dismissal to touch a trade unionist with a barge-pole.

The 'Brahmin' and 'anti-Brahmin' colour given to the strike by Critic's informant is pure moonshine. Srinivasan is a Brahmin; so is Narasimhan, the NUJ leader, who actively participated in conducting the strike; so is Venkatraman, Labour Minister, who is accused of having helped the workers; so is Gurumurti, President of the Simpson's Workers Union and union leader, who helped the strikers. So why drag this Brahmin herring across the trail?

Again—'the strike was of a minority', Critic writes. In fact out of 800 workers, 570 were on strike, while of those working about 80 were journalists and 50 watchmen.

'Police connived at strikers' violence' is another charge, but it was only strikers who were arrested while so-called loyal workers were given police escort. The truth is that the usual spectacle in India of police intervention was absent; the police owing to public agitation were compelled to be neutral. But to get shocked at strikers' violence—isn't it somewhat late in the day?

Shorn of all trappings, the *Hindu* strike was just another incident in the struggle between capital and labour. Let Critic and the readers of NEW STATESMAN be glad that this time Labour won.

S. MOHAN KUMARAMANGALAM

Madras

[Critic made no comment on the strike except that he knew nothing about its rights and wrongs. He expressed himself as shocked only that the paper had had to suspend publication because the police had connived at violence. Mr Kumaramangalam confirms him on this point. Critic also hazarded the suggestion that the anti-Brahminical feeling, notoriously strong and partly justified in Madras, 'had spilled over into the capital-and-labour struggle'—a point that is not refuted by the fact that there are Brahmins among the leaders of both sides. Workers in this country, for instance, often express dislike of 'public schools', but they do not refuse the aid of public school men in fighting the class war.—ED., *NS.*]

THE LONG YEAR

SIR,—Critic, in his praise of Mr Drawbell's new book, comments that he knows of no other record that 'covers, in this authentic way, the confused emotions of this, the strangest year of our lives'. Has he forgotten the much more prolonged nine-volume day-by-day jottings by the late J. L. Hodson?

This series, published year by year (twelve months after the events), vividly mirrored the changing moods of high and low, of soldier and civilian, Briton and American from 1939 to 1949 as the phases of fear and fortitude, catastrophe and ultimate victory swayed the people, 'they' and us. The earlier volumes were highly praised by Wells and others, who acclaimed them as the finest and most realistic war history.

R. P. NORTHCOTT

36 Grove Avenue, N10

THE LIBERAL FRAUD

SIR,—

'You are old, Auntie Ba,' said the young deux-magogue,
'And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly quarrel with Logue—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?'

'In my youth,' Auntie Baba replied to her neph.,
'I liked to see things as they are:
And now that I'm getting increasingly deaf,
Why, I follow the same grassy star.'

'You are old,' said the youth, 'as I mentioned before,
In your wrightings I sense me no sense;
Do you turn your old back on the Labour P.'s lore
When you fly to Ionesco's defence?'

'In my youth,' said the sage, as she shook her grey *chef*,
'I kept all my thoughts very supple,
And E. Ionesco and politics, Neph.,
Allow me to see as a couple.'

'You are old,' said the youth, 'of impeccable taste,
Yet my prejudice you'd overrule;
Do you mean, that though deft with a gorgeous young waist,
I may yet be a bit of a fool?'

'In my youth,' said his Aunt, with a ladylike sigh,
'I saw that our foes to withstand,
Leftwingers and poets must firmly ally,
And fight the good fight hand in hand.'

'You are old,' said the youth, 'one would hardly suppose
That your mind was as agile as ever;
Yet the NEW STATESMAN printed your liberal prose—
What makes you so awfully clever?'

'I have answered three questions, and that is enough,'
Said his Auntie; 'don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you down stairs!'

BARBARA WRIGHT

18 Wellington Road, NW8

THE WITTGENSTEIN LEGEND

SIR,—In his notice of Wittgenstein's Blue and Brown books Mr Stuart Hampshire does not underrate the interest and importance of Wittgenstein's work. But he contributes, inadvertently perhaps, to a legend which has been growing in recent years, that a new epoch began in English philosophy when Wittgenstein was acclaimed at Oxford after the war. Long before that, Wittgenstein's *Tractatus* was not unknown in the university of which he was a member, nor was it strange to the genius of the place. For reasons which Mr Hampshire hints at, a certain mystery surrounded Wittgenstein's later work. All the same, its effects extended beyond his immediate circle, both through clandestine publication and through the writing and activity of his admirers, much earlier than Mr Hampshire implies.

AUSTIN DUNCAN-JONES

105 Hagley Rd
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BOOKS IN GENERAL

In Oliver's Days

NEXT Wednesday is Oliver Cromwell's tercentenary and it will be hard work for the leader-writers to find much that is new to say. Warts and all, Oliver's character has been scrutinised, the lines of his campaigns traversed and his life and actions trampled over by the historians as much as any man's, save Napoleon's. Every scholar, every simple reader of history, has his own Cromwell – an imaginative reconstruction, made up of knowledge, prejudice and the assayer's own temperament. In the nineteenth century, fictional Cromwells abounded, the product of lively and preoccupied minds playing richly over the material. To Carlyle, as we know, he was the Hero, the man raised up by God for a nation's deliverance.

> When Froude took Lord Wolseley to see Carlyle, the sage bade the laurelled commander lock the doors of the parliamentary palaver, and walk off with the key. I once passed a long day with Lord Wolseley on the field of Naseby, working through the famous battle with books and maps, and rejoiced to find no trace in our luncheon talk of any disposition in that fine-hearted soldier to play a part in the Chelsea Sage's parliamentary purge.

To John Morley himself, who tells this story in his *Recollections,* The Lord Protector, arraigned by the austere standards of Mill and Cobden, left much to be desired. ('In breaking up the parliament he committed what in modern politics is counted the inexpiable sin of breaking up his party. . . . When he stamped in wrath out of the desecrated House, had he ever firmly counted the cost?'; and again, with a sad shake of the head [*Cromwell,* p. 513] 'he certainly had little of the faith in progress that became the inspiration of a later age. His respect for Public Opinion . . . was a strictly limited regard'.) To Lord Rosebery, with his vicarious but frustrating experience of the House of Commons, Cromwell was the victim of his parliaments: 'the Parliaments that he had to dissolve, the Parliaments that he had to watch, the Parliaments that he had to sift, the Parliaments in which he had to guard the doors, so that no member of the Opposition could possibly gain entrance'. (Professor Trevor-Roper, in a now celebrated essay, argues testily that a little 'parliamentary management by the executive', would have smoothed away Oliver's difficulties, but this suggestion has, in its turn, been scouted by Mr Christopher Hill as 'an unwarranted over-simplification'.) To Belloc (1933), with his headlong and habitual knowingness – 'the unpleasing face of Ireton lowered from the walls of the room I knew best as a child; his pistols were an heirloom' – Cromwell was before everything else the kinsman of the Great Despoiler. He 'stood to the origin of Elizabeth's new millionaires as a child born today of the Joels and Barnatos stands to the South African diamond rush of the 1880s'. To Macaulay – and which of us in our hearts dares, on this matter, disagree with him? – Cromwell was the greatest prince that ever ruled England.

In his excellent commemorative essay*, Mr Hill begins by tracing the reputation of Cromwell through its fluctuations over the last 300 years – Clarendon's 'brave bad man', Ludlow's lost leader of the radicals, Pepys's strong-arm patriot ('what brave things he did and made all the neighbour princes fear him'). Once William III had renewed the Cromwellian policy of aggressive foreign trade and expansion there 'was less reason for remembering Oliver', and Mr Hill continues:

> When radicalism revived in the later eighteenth century, the Yorkshire Association and Major Cartwright, the Corresponding Society and Cobbett, recalled Hampden, Pym, Prynne; but Cromwell was viewed critically by radicals like Mrs Macaulay no less than by Tories like Hume. The Vicar of Wakefield looked back with admiration to the Levellers, Blake and Wordsworth to Milton, but literary eulogies of Cromwell are far to seek. In Crabbe's *Frank Courtship* a dour and old-fashioned country trader who admired Oliver kept his portrait face to the wall, to be turned round only in the safe company of chosen friends. Crabbe may have drawn on a sub-literary tradition among the middling groups; the phrase 'in Oliver's days' to describe a time of exceptional prosperity was still in use in the West Riding in the early nineteenth century (Mrs Gaskell, *Life of Charlotte Brontë*). But men of letters agreed, down to Sir Walter Scott in *Woodstock,* that Cromwell was both ambitious and a hypocrite.

Macaulay on Hallam, Carlyle's *Letters and Speeches,* turned the tide, and S. R. Gardiner modified Carlyle's puritan Hero in such a way as to make him academically acceptable. Since then we have had the portraits of Professor W. C. Abbott (in which he figures as 'a proto-fascist'), Mr Ashley ('the conservative dictator') and Professor Trevor-Roper (who 'sees him as a declining gentleman, a "country-house radical" and "natural back-bencher", who could lead a revolution of destruction but had no positive political ideals or abilities'). Mr Hill might also have mentioned the telling simplifications of Mr Isaac Deutscher who, in his study of Stalin, equated the Navigation Act with the Five-Year Plan and drew a number of other fruitful but misleading analogies between the Generalissimo and the Lord General.

Mr Hill goes on to list the paradoxes of Cromwell – the fact that the 'revolutionary of the 'forties became the conservative dictator of the 'fifties'; that, while owing his advancement almost entirely to the Army, 'from 1654 onwards he aimed, apparently genuinely, at a "settlement" by which the military basis of his rule would be ended and a parliamentary constitution established; and was defeated in this aim by his Army'. Again, though Cromwell believed in the baton in the knapsack and promotion by merit and, as the greatest recruiting sergeant in history, appealed 'consciously if reluctantly to the lower classes for the fighting support his own class had failed to give', he 'opposed the Leveller demand for manhood suffrage' and the Leveller leaders had reason to regard him as one who had ratted on his earlier radicalism. (His complete change of front in the matter of Fenland drainage and the free fenlanders' rights is an instance of the same kind of *volte face.*)

Mr Hill states (and later in his essay, answers) the paradox behind Cromwell's policy of religious toleration. The same man who wrestled humbly with the sectaries, listened meekly to George Fox, besought the stiff-necked Kirk of Scotland, in the bowels of Christ, to think it possible that its intolerance might be mistaken, and declared (and he meant it) that 'I had rather the Mahometanism was permitted among us than that one of God's children should be persecuted' – this same man, so strangely in advance of his contemporaries, was also responsible for the Drogheda Massacre and declared roundly that 'if by liberty of conscience you mean the liberty to exercise the mass . . . that will not be allowed'. Mr Hill also points to the paradox of Cromwell's foreign policy, with its grand ideological pretensions ('Bring us back a protestant alliance!') and the sordid commercial realities underlying them: ('his famous intervention on behalf of the Vaudois seems to have done the persecuted heretics little good in the long run; but it was excellent for England's prestige, and helped to force France to complete the treaty of October, 1655').

Finally, he emphasises Oliver's curious combination of 'hesitation, waiting on the Lord, with sudden violent action' and his knack of so often being out of the way at a critical juncture. (This last is a habit, and not the only one, to my mind, which he shared with the late Stanley Baldwin.) Even now we are ignorant of Oliver's precise part in Cornet Joyce's kidnapping of the king; at the time of Pride's Purge "he was far away, apparently prolonging quite unnecessarily his stay at the siege of Pontefract. When he returned he said "he had not been acquainted with the design, but since it was done he was glad of it" '. His ambling progress towards the capital after Worcester, when Mr Windwood, the member for Windsor, met him at Aylesbury with his falcons and the Lord General went 'out of the way a-hawking', provided John Buchan (1935) with one of his most sympathetic and Baldwinian touches:

> He made a leisurely journey towards London through the Vale of Avon which drowsed in the mellow September light, revelling in the sights and sense of his familiar fields, he who for so long had been an exile. The malaise of body and mind was over. Some reconciliation had been wrought in his spirit between the things of time and the things of eternity, and he had recaptured his delight in the visible world. After all his exaltations and agonies he was again a genial countryman. . . .

It is possible that Mr Hill would interpret this jog-trotting very differently. As he says, 'there is something mysterious about the way in which Oliver took his political decisions, about his mental processes. Did he control events or did they control him?'

So far as military events are concerned, Oliver certainly wrote his own part more than most great commanders. No stickler for the book (the

* *Oliver Cromwell 1658-1958.* By CHRISTOPHER HILL. *Routledge: Historical Association.* 2s. 6d.

books, as Buchan points out, hardly existed, he was a master of improvisation. Yet, quite apart from his genius as a cavalryman, few soldiers' campaigns show such an artistry of planning and fulfilment. His tactics in Ireland and his fencing with Leslie (the only enemy who ever took his measure) around Edinburgh were marred by fever and autumn rains. Here he shines mainly as a master of commissariat and of the art of holding an army together. But in his Preston campaign and in the long out-flanking march down the centre of Britain to Worcester, he showed the resources of a great general, well able to shape and to control events.

Politically, his claim to have done so is far more questionable, and I believe that Mr Hill is right to see Oliver as the dialectical captive of a revolutionary situation. 'All great revolutions,' he writes,

> are necessarily contradictory, ambiguous. They can begin only by a breach within the ruling class itself, a 'revolt of the nobles'. But in order to overthrow an old-established government and make profound changes in society, wider support is needed, especially from the unprivileged classes. To rouse them to effective political action, ideas have to be let loose which may prove inconvenient to those who later establish themselves in power. A halt at some stage has to be called: the more conservative revolutionaries break with their radical supporters, the Directory succeeds the Jacobins. The uniqueness of Cromwell is that he was Napoleon to his own Robespierre, Stalin to his own Lenin and Trotsky. Hence the accusations of self-seeking and treachery showered on him by the radicals who felt he had deceived them.

Yet – and here the writer surely seizes on the whole tragic paradox of Cromwell – the failure of the Puritan Revolution was essentially a religious one. It was the 'political, constitutional and economic revolutions that succeeded': it was the splendour of the Protestant dream that failed. 'Thou gavest a cup into the hand of England,' cried a Fifth Monarchy preacher, 'and we drank of it. Now you are carrying it to Holland and they are drinking of it. Lord, carry it also to France, to Spain and to Rome.' Cromwell never lost his sympathy with such dreamers. Though, like most reasonable men, he eschewed the seventh chapter of Daniel and the belief that 1660 would usher in the Millennium, he believed devoutly in a commonwealth of free-worshipping men and women sanctified and governed by the rule of the saints. It was his sense of a common humanity binding the elect that made him mistrust the parliament-men. 'Relieve the oppressed,' he told them after Dunbar, 'hear the groans of poor persons in England; be pleased to reform the abuses of all professions'; and, after Worcester, he prayed them once more 'do the will of Him who hath done His will for it and for the nation . . . and that justice and mercy and righteousness and truth may flow from you as a thankful return to our gracious God'. It was a secular and independent version of the Scots theocracy with, first the saints and later the Major-Generals doing duty for the Kirk – no ignoble dream but one profoundly unsuited to the English, in whom all the diseases of the old national Adam – romanticism, drink, timidity, profanity, snobbery, greed, worship of legal fictions and cap-touching to squire and parson – were already twitching and stirring. As Mr Hill so pithily says, 'the long omnipotence of the J.Ps began in 1660'. 'In the sixteen-forties,' he writes, 'not only Cromwell and Milton but thousands of lesser men had drawn tremendous moral energy from the conviction that God had chosen them to serve him.' The conviction quickly faded. Yet the dream – and Oliver and his Ironsides also – remains as a bracing nightmare at the centre of the English folk imagination.

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The wind that thumped and swore and snarled
Had rushed away and hill and field
Were calm until a stranger wind, a gaudy fellow,
Blew in to bid the world good morrow,
And to lead a barn dance now the black wind had gone
And thumping was ended, and peace might reign.

Squirrels whisked back in treetop boles,
All creatures fled to nests and holes,
This coming of a friendly breeze
Could be a trap, set to snare them at ease –
And how should they know what to make of him,
A wind dressed up like Harlequin?

Just so the wind with thump and shout
Had smiled before his rage flashed out,
Just so his breath had kissed each leaf and tree –
The wild things peered and sniffed suspiciously.
'One wind or two' the creatures said,
'We remember those who trusted, and are dead.'

EWART MILNE

New Novels

The Way We Live Now. By WARREN MILLER. *Secker & Warburg.* 18*s.*

Theresa's Choice. By RACHEL CECIL. *Constable.* 18*s.*

Ten Years After. By HERBERT STEINHOUSE. *Bodley Head.* 18*s.*

Kilometer 95. By HERBERT RUSSCOL and MARGALIT BANAI. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

A Death in the Family. By JAMES AGEE. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

Mr Warren Miller is an excellent writer. His prose is well suited to the novel: never assertive, it reveals its quality only on examination: it is economical and flexible, beguiling us, without strain, from mood to mood, from flippancy to lyricism. His dialogue is delightful and always convincing. Yet his second novel, though intelligent, readable and often amusing, is not wholly satisfying. It may be that the fault lies not so much in Mr Miller as in his material. *The Way We Live Now* is almost a documentary about life among the conscientious and not-so-young bohemians of Greenwich Village.

Lionel Aldridge, for no good reason, leaves his wife and five-year-old daughter, takes up bachelor's quarters in Sheridan Square, and returns to his old friends. He becomes involved with Laurie, a neurotic who collects 'the teeth of old lovers'; with Rosalind, an interior decorator who has 'sweet flesh' and a strong maternal instinct; and with Amelia, a former mistress who is now married. Laurie goes mad; Rosalind wants marriage; Amelia is unwilling to give up the comforts which her rich husband can give her. Then Lionel's wife and daughter go to live in California, and he is left alone. 'And if everything is informed by love – oh, if it is, buddies – then nothing will be fearsome; and if occasionally I despair – well then, chaps, occasionally I will despair. But if only love can be there then everything will be enlightened, even despair.'

'Beside sex,' says the American review quoted on the jacket, 'Mr Miller serves much strong drink and sharp chatter.' But the chatter is not as sharp as one would like; it is, perhaps intentionally, rather like Peter de Vries off-form. 'After all,' says one of the characters, 'we aren't people in a Restoration comedy.' 'We would only like to be,' is the reply. And that is why this novel just fails. The characters lack style. They are not witty enough or wicked enough. And not relaxed enough. They are always aware of themselves, of their looseness, their futility, their superior culture. '*I've* read the novels of George Meredith. Rosalind, chaps, she is not one of us. She does not how-you-say know what I mean when I talk, fella, of Bloomsbury.' This self-awareness makes it hard for the reader to participate; participation, in fact, seems almost unnecessary. So that though we are amused by Mr Miller's characters, we are never really concerned about them, never fascinated by their immorality as much as they are, never moved by their futility as much as they are. No inferences are left for us to draw. Mr Miller's characters have, how-you-say, drawn them all.

Theresa's Choice is an old-fashioned romantic novel. It begins with a ball and ends with a marriage. It is set in the London of the late Twenties. Theresa, the daughter of a dissipated man of letters, is attracted by three men – an unreliable artist, a dedicated doctor, and a young aristocrat who works at the Tate. She marries the aristocrat. Lady David Cecil has a natural narrative gift; her prose is clean and straight;

and she provides much good talk. But what gives this novel its interest and distinction is the clarity and detail with which the background is recalled. The novel would be worth reading for this alone. The portrait of the young aristocrat, Edward Clare, is done with transparent affection and is a triumph. Dare one guess who the original is? 'He was extraordinary looking, almost bred away, but charming. Like a fragile intellectual bird.' It would help if one could guess. It would give an added flavour to some of the dialogue. Lines like: 'Have you been talking about vulgarity? It's such a rare quality, I think'. *Theresa's Choice* is a long novel, but I found it continuously interesting. It will give enormous pleasure.

Ten Years After is not so much a novel as a report, by a skilled and intelligent journalist, on the political situation in France and the workings of McCarthyism in the State Department. The action of the novel takes place in 1955. An American radio correspondent in Paris offends the French authorities by reporting impartially on the Algerian war; offends his own organisation by appearing to be un-American; offends the State Department by supporting an American who is sacked, under American pressure, from INTORGAM, the International Organisation for the Advancement of Mankind (Mr Steinhouse's splendid fictional name for UNESCO); and is finally deprived of his passport. Mr Steinhouse has little to tell us that is new; but he is well-informed and lively.

Ten Years After is a novel which should be read by everyone interested in France, Algeria, McCarthyism, or American radio organisation. 'In television', the vice-president of the network says, 'you always understand that the viewer is an ignoramus and you entertain him, you don't inform him. In comparison, the radio listener is an intellectual giant.' And for this giant he recommends 'one new idea and no more than four foreign facts per five minutes'. It should be added, for anyone worried about his safety, that Mr Steinhouse is a Canadian.

The situation in Israel is rich with melodramatic possibilities, and the authors of *Kilometer 95* help themselves liberally. The ex-Stern Gang terrorist, idle in Ben-Gurion's Israel, is anxious to lead raids against the Arabs and is dissuaded only by the girl from the *kibbutz*, whom he loves. Still, he gets a chance to kill an Arab in self-defence and is about to kill another when the girl from the *kibbutz* rises out of the darkness to tell him that a cease-fire has just been declared. He releases the Arab; then is treacherously murdered. The elderly peace-loving Israeli professor is treacherously murdered on a peace mission to a former Arab colleague who is also elderly but no longer peace-loving. The young university lecturer who throws up his career to go to the *kibbutz* is also murdered. His widow is consoled by a UN official – he is American: this book was written for the American market. *Kilometer 95* is redeemed only by the enthusiasm of the authors. Herbert Russcol is a musician. Margalit Banai was a secret-document courier for Haganah. They don't write very well.

I hope I never again have to read anything as pretentious, boring and futile as *A Death in the Family*. The father of a family dies and is buried. That is all. The acres and acres of meaningless dialogue and interior monologue; the fancy writing; the old-fashioned and not very bright typographical tricks; the juvenile phrase-mongering, seemingly aimed at some anthology of picturesque speech and patter – none of these things can conceal the ugly fact that this is the work of an uncreative writer who has nothing to say.

V. S. NAIPAUL

Original Virtue

Psycho-Analysis and Contemporary Thought. Edited by JOHN D. SUTHERLAND. *Hogarth Press*. 25*s*.

There are some very interesting things in this book—even if its scope is not quite so wide as its title suggests. It consists, mainly, of six public lectures given in 1956 by members of the British Psycho-Analytical Society to commemorate the centenary of Freud's birth. Three of the lectures are about problems of development in infancy and childhood. Three are essays in psycho-analysis as applied to art, philosophy and economics. Most of the contributors, who include D. W. Winnicott, John Bowlby, Ilse Hellman, Marion Milner, R. Money Kyrle, and Elliott Jaques, are careful to point out the reconstructions and improvements which the edifice of Freudian theory owes to the work of Melanie Klein.

A first general impression may be that when addressing a lay public the psycho-analysts of the nineteen-fifties are rather more tactful than some of their predecessors of a generation or so ago, whose reductive zeal, and the opportunity it offered for resistance, was apt to block a satisfactory rapport with the uninitiated. This could be partly due to the Kleinian trend. By ante-dating the formation of the super-ego it enables the psycho-analyst to approach the nodal points in early emotional development from an angle with which everybody is more or less familiar.

The opening lecture—in the printed order—by Dr Winnicott on 'The Sense of Guilt'—gives a useful account of the development of the Kleinian position on the basis of Freud's original concept of the super-ego. The additional hypothesis, he points out, makes room for the idea of an individual's value, whereas 'in early psycho-analysis the statement was in terms of health and neurotic ill health'. Indeed, as John Bowlby suggests in his contribution on 'Child-Care', a feature of the new trend is that while continuing to investigate the nature of original sin it seems to have stumbled on original virtue. Dr Winnicott is a rather uneven writer, but whenever you begin to suspect that perhaps the sentence is not his chosen medium and that his remarkable talents might be better suited to pre-verbal forms of communication, he will come out with a definition bold and clear enough for a student to stick in his shaving mirror. For instance: 'The sense of guilt . . . is a special form of anxiety associated with ambivalence or coexisting love and hate'.

Of the three applied contributions, the most sympathetic is probably Marion Milner's courageous attempt to apply psycho-analysis to art and æsthetics. She rambles pleasantly and is often most stimulating, particularly on the subject of the human capacity for symbolisation and on the way in which the unconscious—like the universe or the void—seems to conform to a Hegelian or even Taoist form of logic rather than the Aristotelian variety. A mistress of tact, she eschews a sectarian clinical approach, leaving the reader to draw his own deductions from a patient's drawings and Blake's Job series. No doubt she is meticulously reductive in the consulting room, but outside it she seems to be of a fruitfully integrative, synthetical turn of mind. I like the way she tries to account for the emergence of the new. This is something which in the past psycho-analysts have been rather inclined to neglect.

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R. Money Kyrle's all too infrequent excursions into philosophy are invariably instructive. In this one he provides a fascinating account of the stages of emotional development which includes comparisons of the infant's 'philosophy'—e.g., its subjective monism—with that of some of the great idealists, such as Hume and Berkeley. He is particularly illuminating on the origin of the confusion between inner and outer reality. He, too, is tactfully non-sectarian, permitting himself only a passing reference to Berkeley's bowel-hypochondria. He is very respectful to the logical positivists and their account of the role of language, and its limitations, though reading between the lines it may be possible to detect a diagnosis of obsessional tendencies here.

Dr Jaques's attempt to psycho-analyse the current economic crisis seems to me a good deal less happy. He discusses inflation, wage claims, and the entire economic situation, as if they had no history but had just been found under the gooseberry bush suffering from disturbing symptoms of internecine group-rivalry. He never seems to have heard of capitalism, socialism, profit, or class interest. Timidly he sticks some Kleinian labels—envy and the paranoid position—on to aspects of industrial relations. Socialists will certainly accuse him of right-wing bias and ask why he has nothing to say about banker's anal erotism and accountant's stool pedantry. But I should in fairness point out that towards the end he does pluck up courage and brands the entire set-up as 'social processes akin to mass psychotic phenomena', in other words, plumb crazy.

In general, so far as the present development of psycho-analysis in this country can be judged from this book, I think one may form a fairly favourable impression. There are moments when I feel that perhaps the discovery of the cyclical oscillatory nature of mental processes may have caused the analysts themselves to do rather more running around in circles than is strictly necessary; but this may be because I have never really worked through the depressive position but always taken refuge in the manic defence.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Detection and Thrills

The Dead Man's Knock. By JOHN DICKSON CARR. *Hamish Hamilton.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Another Man's Murder. By M. G. EBERHART. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Week-end in Baghdad. By RUTH WADHAM. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Playback. By RAYMOND CHANDLER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Spotted Hemlock. By GLADYS MITCHELL. *Michael Joseph.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

North from Rome. By HELEN MACINNES. *Collins.* 15*s.*

The Shop in Loch Street. By JAMES WOOD. *Hutchinson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Albatross. By CHARLOTTE ARMSTRONG. *Peter Davies.* 15*s.*

The Hours Before Dawn. By CELIA FREMLIN. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Dead Man's Knock transports Dr Archons-of-Athens Fell to Virginia to elucidate a somewhat tricky campus murder. A provocative young woman has been teasing the College beyond all endurance and her body is found stabbed to the heart in the inevitably locked bedroom. The fact that several members of the staff and their wives may have picked up a hint from Wilkie Collins on how to fake murder as suicide may confuse the unwary. But when Mr Dickson Carr rolls up his sleeves to show there is no deception he needs no help from a Victorian novelist with his conjuring tricks. His patter, however, is less rewarding; and his twitching and jerky style in dialogue, instead of keeping us on tenterhooks, is more likely to bring on reader's nystagmus.

Mrs Eberhart's hero finds himself suspected of *Another Man's Murder* among the swamps and orange groves of Florida. Who did, in fact, kill the disreputable uncle, who was swindling him out of his inheritance? With hardly a bad character in sight, the reader had better relax and seek solace in the love interest, which is infinitely soothing, while the hick sheriff prowls around. The mistress of suspense has for once muffed her opportunities. In spite of the Spanish moss on the hive-oaks and a hungry alligator, the requirements of her plot are far too cosy for anything untoward to disturb her lovebirds. But the book is literate and fluent, with an adequate solution and without pretentious adhesions—and that is more than can be said of the run of detection nowadays!

Week-end in Baghdad seems uncommonly apposite in view of recent events; but Miss Wadham's murder is devoid of political significance, although the body ingeniously dumped outside the mosque belongs to one of the British Embassy staff. What colour was the hand that stabbed him, white or brown? (NEW STATESMAN readers must retain their composure and remember Mr Gollancz.) Miss Wadham puts her local knowledge to good use and introduces us confidently to the horrors of club life among the heterogeneous expatriates in Iraq. But the unravelling of her neat little plot reveals her prentice hand at the job of detection. Seven solid pages of confession and explanation, however satisfying to the author's conscience, can reduce the audience to utter despair.

> But hark, the cry is Chandler, and lo! the ranks divide,
> And the great lord of Marlowe comes with his stately stride.

Mr Chandler's plots may drift up one picaresque side-alley after another, like a dog looking for a lamp-post (in *Playback* his detective even forgets what he is supposed to be detecting); but that stately stride of his cuts down the sub-Chandlers tagging behind him before ever they turn into the straight: his style is stupendous and shows no sign of flagging. *Playback* should be greeted as just another variation on the theme of Philip Marlowe's manliness. For the record of violence, he is bashed once on the back of the head and smashes a gunman's wrists with a tyre lever: in the matter of sex, he lays a couple of girls, one red-head and one platinum blonde with ever-so-long lovely legs. This hero of our time's chequered morals may intrigue the sociologists. Where women are concerned he is totally devoid of scruples—he is a trifle cagey about virgins but you could not trust wife or mistress alone with him for five minutes. Yet where money is involved he is the soul of honesty: he would refuse to rob his deadliest enemy of a dime.

In *Spotted Hemlock* Miss Mitchell indulges her fondness for practical jokes. When the youths at one agricultural college cart rats and rhubarb over to the girls at another agricultural college they set the ball rolling; and one is not surprised when headless horsemen put in an appearance and a girl's body is deposited in an old stagecoach for Dame Lestrange Bradley's benefit. The plot, as usual with Miss Mitchell, sizzles with absurdity, but admirers of her pungent style will not be disappointed. Even this reviewer, with an allergy to such nonsense, found *Spotted Hemlock* strangely—or possibly Lestrangely—readable.

Of the thrillers, the first two exploit the Red Menace, an open sesame to melodrama. *North from Rome* can be recommended for its sophisticated restraint in handling the dangerous topic. The American playwright hero leaning from the balcony of his Roman hotel at midnight sees a girl being kidnapped, rushes to her rescue and finds himself thwarting Communist intrigues in no time. (The plot seems prompted by the Montesi scandal.) Miss MacInnes's prose is calm, leisurely and cultured; she springs a surprise or two to prevent us dozing, and her characters verge on the credible. *The Shop in Loch Street* provides rougher stuff from Glasgow, where a press photographer deprives foreign agents of rocket secrets after considerable homicide. Mr Wood writes with more zest than originality, but his imagination might be termed vivid, and his dialogue hums along in a determined Scottish way.

The Albatross contains ten short stories of suspense – a comforting book for the watches of the night to take one's mind off other troubles. At least you are not a schoolmistress being driven around town incognita by a madman, who has sworn to kill you if ever he finds you – and there you are sitting beside him! Miss Armstrong is a powerful practitioner in piling on the agony; and one story will be quite as much as you can bear before putting out the light.

Miss Fremlin gloats over the horrors of bringing up three children by the progressive method on a small income, in excruciating detail. When a sinister stranger presents herself with designs on one of the little terrors any sensible mother would hail her as an angel of mercy. But *The Hours Before Dawn* is only fiction after all!

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Questions of Proportion

Modulor 2. By LE CORBUSIER. *Faber.* 42*s.*
The Theory of Proportion in Architecture. By P. H. SCHOLFIELD. *Cambridge.* 30*s.*

Le Corbusier's *Modulor* (*Module* plus *Section d'Or*) was one of the most timely ideas a man ever had – a system of preferred dimensions for building components, independent of any existing scales of measure, based on the dimensions of a man and related by the Golden Section or φ ratio. To generations of architects confused by the late war and the collapse of the ideas of the Thirties, the Modulor's typically Corbusian mixture of reason, romance, novelty, antiquity and blazing certainty was a galvanic impulse; enthusiasms and congresses clustered round it, and the system's imprint, the Modulor Man – the silhouette of a muscle-bound pin-head with one arm raised and a snap-brim trilby—became a complex symbol of faith, hope and clarity.

But by the time it came out in book form (now known as *Modulor 1*) a wet streak had begun to appear; Lawrence Alloway pointed out in an unpopular contribution to an ICA symposium that 'the last section is just a lot of testimonials – since using the Modulor I have used no other.' And now, alas, *Modulor 2* proves to be more of the same, and reads like a man trying to bolster up his courage by quoting the opinions of absolutely anybody who is prepared to be nice to him. Although he has managed to fill a book with all this – some of it marginally illuminating, some of it merely pathetic – the fact remains that neither the world nor the architectural profession has rushed to use the Modulor.

There are a number of possible reasons why not, some technical, some philosophical, but one of the most relevant is that it has fallen into bad company. Anything involving the φ ratio of 1:1.618 (approximate) has a way of collecting mass rallies of gaga geometers and numerological nuts, and as a result the Modulor has been isolated from its true historical sources (which do it credit) by a scrum of donnish aesthetes of neo-Platonic bent. The backwash of this has upset the latter part of Mr Scholfield's book.

Some aspects of *The Theory of Proportion in Architecture* are entirely admirable: the exegesis of Vitruvius on proportion is going to upset some vested interests among Vitruviasts, and the attempted explanation of the muddle of Jay Hambidge's theory of *Dynamic Symmetry* is far clearer than most. But Scholfield skips straight from Hambidge to Le Corbusier as if their ideas were related: Both do, indeed, make use of φ, but that is almost an accident.

Corbusian ideas on proportion are a confluence of three streams of thought. One, from the German historian Dehio, leads to the work of Berlage and de Groot in Holland, and thus to a house by Lauwerickx which was the first use of systematic proportion Le Corbusier ever saw. Another, from the French historian Auguste Choisy, whose works Le Corbusier knew like the back of his hand, provided the idea of absolute scale and fixed dimensions, rather than mere mathematical relationships. The third, from the 'scientific' aesthetician Charles Henry, is the source of the presentation of the Modulor as a measuring tape – Henry had devised a '*triple décimetre esthétique*' which Le Corbusier published in the early Twenties.

In spite of the intrinsic interest of the work of both de Groot and Henry, and the powerful influence of Choisy, none of this is mentioned by Scholfield. Apart from the historical unbalance that results, Henry is a figure whom every writer on proportion must face and evaluate. He was the last of a series of experimenters who tried to prove that proportion was not only an objective and measurable quality of the objects we see (which no one disputes) but also an objective and measurable quality in our aesthetic response to them. The results of earlier experiments had been vague or contradictory, and great hopes were entertained when Henry set out with a proper laboratory and the backing of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. But the results were as non-committal as ever.

Admittedly, Mr Scholfield makes no great claims on behalf of proportional systems – 'pleasing to the eye' and 'creation of visible order' are all he will commit himself to, and that is not very much compared with the fluctuating fuss about proportion that has been boiling away since the 1870s. What is all the fuss about then? The answer seems to be an atavistic revival of number-magic, mathematics as a symbol of something good, big and absolute. Thus it was for Renaissance humanists, for de Groot's circle (if not for de Groot himself) and for the lost generations of post-war architects who rallied to the raised arm of the Modulor Man. But any magic is fallible unless enough of the people are fooled for enough of the time. The Modulor having failed to make that grade, no amount of testimonial-quoting is now going to do much to halt its steady relapse into a limbo of curiosities from which it will only be exhumed from time to time by historians seeking the iconography of symbolic figures with raised arms and snap-brim trilbies adorning some of the noblest buildings erected in France and India in the nineteen-fifties.

REYNER BANHAM

Oxford have just re-issued the American *History of World Art* (63*s.*), by Everard Upjohn, Paul Wingert, and Jane Gaston Mahler. First published in 1949: now enlarged and revised.

Africa Without the Dances

French West Africa. By VIRGINIA THOMPSON and RICHARD ADLOFF. *Allen & Unwin.* 48*s.*

It is a sign of the way in which the focus of African studies is shifting to the USA that this, the first serious book on post-War French West Africa in the English language, should have been written by an American – or two Americans. During the past dozen years French West Africans have been moving towards self-government by a quite different route, seeking their emancipation from a different type of colonial system, under a different leadership, facing different problems, moved by different ideas, from their Ghanaian, Nigerian, and Sierra Leonean neighbours. So far, though there have been a few excellent articles, there has been no full-length study of this interesting process. Miss Thompson has put us all in her debt by producing this efficient account of the new shape of French West African institutions. True, it is a bit massive: 600 pages of carefully assembled and organised facts – labelled 'political', 'economic', and 'social and cultural'. But the authors have clearly taken great trouble over their facts, and drawn upon a wide variety of sources – and this itself is admirable. It is a highly complicated system that they describe – an elaborate, constantly changing network of relationships between competing groups, interests, and parties, in metropolitan France, in the French West African Federation, and in the Federation's constituent Territories: Senegal, with its sophisticated political life, rooted in peanuts; the Ivory Coast, where a popular movement developed early

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around the conflict between African and European planters and the revolt against forced labour; Guinea, where Sékou Touré built powerful trade unions and a mass party among the ruins of his grandfather Samory's empire; Dahomey, with its mobile intelligentsia and strong Catholic mission influences; Sudan, the pivot of the medieval empires, with its 'cultured, stable, Muslim bourgeoisie', and radical proletariat; Niger, a fragment of territory, exposed to pressures from Algeria, Libya, and Nigeria, where chiefly power is in temporary alliance with a party of the Left; Mauretania, with its historic links with Morocco, its disintegrating feudal structure, and its traditions of nomadic learning and poetry; Haute-Volta, most neglected of all the eight Territories, a reservoir of wage-labour, where that relic of an ancient dynasty, the Mogho-Naba, is still preserved in his palace in Wagadugu. Virginia Thompson picks her way with skill and intelligence through this labyrinth.

Why is this book – well-informed, often penetrating in its account of French policies, and by no means uncritical – in some ways unsatisfying? It is not just that it contains too much semi-digested detail. It suffers also from a tendency to label: those familiar characters – the turbulent tribesmen, covetous warriors, fanatical Moslems, and ignorant Fetishists – appear too often. And at times there is a smell, not so much of the lamp, as of the Governor's office, or the office of his *chef du cabinet*. The authors have probed with thoroughness, but not far, I would guess, below the level of the French Administrator or the African deputy or party-leader. The last serious book in English that dealt with French West Africa, Geoffrey Gorer's *African Dances*, describes a world that is now dead, and was not greatly concerned about facts. But it revealed levels of popular life that appear here only in the form of doubtful sociological generalisations. These Africans don't dance.

THOMAS HODGKIN

LEISURE is well spent in reading for a DEGREE

One of to-day's problems is that of making the best use of leisure hours. To those who are studiously inclined we suggest that spare time might well be occupied in reading for a Degree, not merely for the material advantages, but also for the widening of outlook and development of mental abilities. Moreover, under experienced and sympathetic guidance study becomes a pleasurable occupation. **London University Degrees** are open to all. You need not attend the University. All that is necessary is to pass three examinations (in some cases, two). You may study for them at home and in your own time, wherever you are. **Wolsey Hall Postal Courses** for these examinations are conducted by a staff of over 100 Graduate Tutors. The Courses comprise Lessons, Test Papers, Model Answers, correction of your work and solution of all difficulties by your tutors. A Guarantee is given that in the event of failure, tuition will be continued free. Fees are reasonable and may be spread over the period of the Course. More than 14,000 Successes at London University examinations **alone** from 1947. **Write for PROSPECTUS** to C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH24.

WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

CHRISTIANS AND THE BOMB

FATHER HUDDLESTON argues in favour of unilateral disarmament against the BISHOP of WILLESDEN in September's

PRISM

PROFESSOR COULSON writes as a scientist, while there is a report on Russia today from FATHER TWEEDY, C.R.

1/- buys PRISM from any religious bookshop or 1/2 post free from 7, Tufton Street, S.W.1.

PRISM — the new Anglican monthly —

Shorter Reviews

Language and Christian Belief. By JOHN WILSON. *Macmillan.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Mr Wilson's aim is to show first that religious belief can be philosophically respectable and secondly that philosophy has a function to perform in the understanding of specific questions of faith. He begins by classifying the various types of statements and sentences used in religion because, as he explains, before this is done we cannot be certain whether the sentence we worry over is informative or not, and if it is informative what evidence is needed to prove or disprove it. Ultimately all religious assertions are verified by reference to religious experience. So that there is no doubt about the sense of these assertions, he attempts to describe the meaning of those words that usually cause confusion such as 'God', 'sacrament', 'sin', etc.

Mr Wilson writes in a clear, refreshingly direct manner. While he is concerned with presenting a new approach to religious questions and actually clarifying the logical difficulties involved in certain Christian doctrines he is excellent. But where he tries to correct inconsistencies he is liable to put forward statements that cannot satisfy his own severe criteria of verification. He is also liable to create contradictions. This is partly a result of holding opinions that conflict but more especially of carrying linguistic analysis too far. There comes a point where something like a poetic imagination is also necessary. This book is essential reading for anyone who wishes to attack or defend Christianity on rational grounds.

G. B. H. W.

Boy on the Rooftop. By THOMAS SZABO. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This is the latest addition to the flood of books on the Hungarian Revolution – and is at least less disappointing than many of its predecessors. Despite the silly gimmick of the dust cover – a picture of the author's back with the caption, 'only big brother has organised things to the point where a budding young author does not dare to show his face' – the contents are vivid and authentic. Thomas Szabo was a Hungarian schoolboy who was involved in the street fighting in Budapest, and led a detachment of freedom fighters, many of them his own school-friends. He writes of his experiences tersely and vigorously, without falling into the perfervid clichés which have spoilt too many other books on the subject. But although it is not a bad book, that is about all that can be said for it. There are hints now and then of the chaos and excitement, the moments of heroic exaltation and incredulous despair, which marked the course of the Revolution; but only now and then. The writing is too bald to make us feel – except very occasionally – what it must have been like to live through these experiences; and the experiences themselves add nothing to the facts we know already. A book of this kind would be justified either if it added to our knowledge, or deepened our understanding of what we do know. This one, despite its unpretentious honesty, does neither.

D. M.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,487 **Set by Maurice Cassel**

The usual prizes are offered for the invention of a new mythical deity with an appropriate description. Limit 150 words; entries by 9 September.

Result of No. 1,484 Set by J. Thaddeus Delane

The death of Bishop Weatherproof, that noted eccentric and leading figure in the world of religion, sport and belles-lettres, was lately announced in *The Times*. Those who knew the Bishop are invited to write an 'appreciation'. Limit 150 words.

Report

On inspection the Bishop turned out to be a far less impressive figure than one had expected. Most people remembered him as either genially dim, abnormally pompous or as a crashing hearty, and the only fact that all the Obits had in common was that the Right Reverend was obviously not a Lambeth Conference man. Russell Edwards paid tribute to his prowess as a fisherman ('the *Christian Angler* will not readily find another "Dry Fly" of his calibre'); R. A. MacKenzie acrosticised gracefully; and H. Hardman ('I first knew Sam as chaplain in the First Inferno') commented unkindly that 'when the parachute which he wore when he launched himself from the top of Nelson's column failed to open England lost more than a personality, she lost a whole case-book.'

A guinea each to John Digby, Ernest Millard, Lyndon Irving and Hilary.

Nothing, it was said, so became Tom Weatherproof as his gaiters; his see, it was added, should have been Newmarket. Amateurs of the delightful 'middles' he contributed to the *Church Times* and *Hibbert's* – as 'Thomas Equinus', taking a wicked little liberty with the great Romish name – once ran sweepstakes on the line when the Surtees-reference would make its unfailing appearance: his congregations, similarly, could bank on Nimrod riding into his sermons somewhere.

So it was no surprise, perhaps, that he seated his diocesan conferences in horseshoe form; nor that he once appeared in solemn episcopal procession bearing a long four-in-hand horsewhip where the crozier should have been! His insistence that brides come to church behind horses ('God made the horses; the Devil made the motors') provoked a good deal of headline pleasantry; his final elevation, the not-inapt, if slightly impious, memorialization, 'Heavenly Chariots Gain New Driver'.

JOHN DIGBY

He made it a rule always to shape his policy in accordance with the chequered plane. As an impecunious undergraduate, necessity taught him to regard all as but pawns in the game of life. So far as morals are concerned, he was of the opinion that things are generally made up squarely of equal parts of black and white. His writings were neither excessively barbed nor of a milk-and-water texture, rather should they be described as having much of the chivalry of the knight about them. He had a curious love of rooks and had several about him. His presence graced every occasion and he moved easily among kings and queens.

ERNEST MILLARD

Those who only knew 'Boggy' Weatherproof in his declining years at Bubchester can have little idea of the man he was in those golden pre-1914 years. I shall always remember that August evening in 1909 when, to celebrate the public burning of his *Studies in Companionate Divorce*, he walked on his hands from Admiralty Arch to the Criterion, a feat only possible to one superbly fit in mind, body and soul.

Always a man of courage (who will forget his unsuccessful fight to introduce *castrati* into St Mildred's Choir?) his forthright utterances guaranteed a full church, nor was he too proud to use the language of the common man which he had learned at the Billingsgate Mission as a young curate.

He was often misunderstood and never achieved the highest preferment; as he said himself, 'I could never manage your Lambeth Walk, Geoffrey'.

LYNDON IRVING

May I – one of the few surviving members of Bishop Weatherproof's Siberian Expedition of 1912 – add my modest tribute? For that venture was characteristic of the man. The baptism of several million Russian souls to the Anglican persuasion – and conversion to the English way of life, too, for Weatherproof was no man for half-measures – was a concept which, had it not been frustrated by the last-minute reneging of his superiors, might have

changed the course of history. Lambeth has much to answer for.

Throughout his subsequent career – whether demonstrating at Lords for the restoration of underarm bowling or assailing the perils of Socialism in those brilliant tracts *In Praise of Pride* and *In Defence of Distinction* – the Bishop made demonstration of qualities whose passing will leave us all the poorer. May his will, bequeathing his entire estate to the Campaign for Nuclear Re-armament, be an inspiration to those he leaves to follow after.

HILARY

City Lights

The Go-between

'. . . all that buying of bank shares? Well, I belong to the Midland and I think this personal loans scheme is a jolly good idea: so does everyone else I know who banks with the Midland. Barclays may have got in first with HP and with putting up its dividend by 25 per cent., but you can't deny that this time the Midland has bowled old Tuke a snorter. Of course the Americans have been doing this sort of thing for 25 years or more – funny thing that they always seem to be just one generation ahead – and the idea has been in the air for ages; there's no doubt that the others have been thinking along the same lines and will be bringing out schemes of their own as soon as they can. But, you know, I do really think there's a breath of competition about at last, not only between the banks themselves but between the banks and the HP finance houses – some of these enterprising little fellows who've been smugly charging 20, 30 or even 40 per cent. are going to feel the pinch; I wonder, actually, whether competition between the banks will have any effect on the 9½ per cent. rate which the Midland proposes to charge? New sort of customer? Eventually, I suppose; but I should have thought it was fairly obvious that for the moment the Midland is thinking of the ordinary business or professional chap, without much capital or chance of collecting it who until now has had either to go without or pay the earth for HP.'

'Yes, I see your point. "*To him that hath*" takes a bit of swallowing when it comes to washing machines. If you're stuffed with gilt-edged and insurance policies, any bank will be delighted to lend you all you want at 5 per cent.; if all you have is a clean collar and a season ticket from Reigate to Cannon Street you may now be able to coax the manager into a personal loan at 9½ per cent.; if you don't have either, or a bank account, you can stick to HP – at anything up to 45 per cent. Still, you know, that's the way things are. Look at the Merchant of Venice. What worries me a bit is that (apart from useful little anomalies like the tax relief on life assurance) the fact that interest is allowable against tax makes matters even worse than they would have been in any case. If you've got a high enough income, after all, you can live on credit for practically nothing.'

* * *

There's no doubt, to judge at least from the week's bus conversations, that personal loans will help the middle classes to greater as well as cheaper consumption: the insurance gimmick is a touch of genius. Inflationary? Not at the moment, of course. The government has managed to create a little slack in the economy by chasing working women back to their sinks, unskilled workers into unemployment and skilled workers into shorter hours and smaller earnings; the slack, we all agree, should be taken up again, and who deserves the chance more than the middle classes? They're the backbone of the country, you know. In the longer term, however, there may be difficulties. Grandma can well afford to tolerate the fact that the banks are bringing new and more vigorous blood into the family: marrying your son to the invader's daughter is standard practice. But personal loans may well make it more difficult in a future emergency to regulate expenditure on durable consumer goods. The banks, unless a new directive is issued, will be in no hurry to drop the most profitable section of their business.

* * *

The point of immediate importance, however, is that someone has had a political brainwave. The government has dropped its unpopular directive to the banks, a step which the City has been pressing on it for a long time; the result, personal loans, will give the government's warmest supporters just that help with school fees, house purchase and so forth which back-benchers have been shouting for; even the back-bench-cum-City notion of using the banks to stimulate instalment buying of securities seems to be making a little progress. Mr Macmillan has suddenly become popular. The next budget, given the chance of a 12 per cent. increase in production and the protection of an increase in IMF quotas, should increase his popularity still further, and the City is doing what it can to turn a narrow victory into a landslide. Its latest arrangement – act up to your political principles, drop the directive and get your reward – is too ingenious and too likely to succeed to be entirely the result of chance. Nor may it be altogether an accident that the chairman of the Midland Bank is Lord Monckton.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 459. Glorious Gambit

Of all the terms and metaphors provided for common usage by our very own terminology none has remained more popular than 'gambit,' but not so, alas, in its proper field of the 64 squares where, for quite a few decades by now, we could witness the gradual decline of the gambit. Is it because players, these days, are less enterprising than previous generations? I should hate to believe it, and I rather think it is due to the fact that the copiously increased knowledge of opening theory has tended to strengthen defensive resources. It is nearly half a century since we used to have annual tournaments to test this or that (or any) gambit, and I share Max Euwe's pleasure in seeing the practice revived in a recent Amsterdam tournament to test the highly controversial Blackmar-Diemer gambit. I am glad to report that White won the majority, and here's a particularly interesting game introducing a novelty of Cortlever's.

(1) P-Q4, P-Q4; (2) P-K4, P x P; (3) Kt-QB3, Kt-KB3; (4) B-K2!? [The novelty in lieu of the customary P-B3] B-B4 (Kt-B3!); (5) P-KKt4, B-Kt3; (6) P-KR4, P-KR3; (7) Kt-R3, P-K3; (8) Kt-B4, B-R2; (9) P-Kt5, Kt-Q4 (best); (10) P-Kt6! B x P; (11) Kt x B, Kt x Kt; (12) P x Kt, P x Kt; (13) B-QB4, Q-B3; (14) Q-Kt4, Q-B4; (15) R-KKt1!, K-B2; (16) P-R5!, Q x Q; (17) R x Q, P x P; (18) R x KP, P-KKt4; (19) R-Kt1, B-Q3 [. . . P-Kt3 refuted by R x KP, followed by B-Q5!; (20) B x P ch, K-Kt3? (K-Kt2!); (21) R x P, Kt-B3; (22) B-Q5!, Kt-K2? [But then . . . Kt-Q1 would be no good against R x BP!]; (23) R-R6 ch!, K-B4; (24) R x B, and wins.

Now here's a game Diemer sent me. He won it in the recent 'Open Championship of the Netherlands'.

(1) P-Q4, P-Q4; (2) P-K4, P-QB3; (3) P-QB4 [Diemer, needless to say, gives this move two exclamation marks], P x KP; (4) Kt-QB3, Kt-B3; (5) P-B3, P x P; (6) Kt x P, B-Kt5; (7) B-K2, QKt-Q2; (8) O-O, Q-B2; (9) P-Kt4!, P-QR4; (10) P-Kt5, P-K4; (11) Kt x P, Kt x Kt; (12) P x Kt, R-Q1; (13) Q-K1, Q x P; (14) B x B, Kt x B; (15) B-B4! B-B4 ch; (16) K-R1, Q x Q; (17) QR x Q ch, K-Q2; (18) B-Kt3!, P-B3; (19) Kt-R4! and wins, since the B mustn't leave the diagonal on account of mate; . . . B-Q5 being refuted by R-B4, and . . . B-R2 by P-Kt6.

Finally, a pretty example for the same sort of treatment when facing the French, here's how Shainswit was licked the other day by Victor A. Guala, one of the teen-age hopes of New York's Manhattan Chess Club.

(1) P-K4, P-K3; (2) P-Q4, P-Q4; (3) P-QB4, P x KP; (4) Kt-QB3, Kt-KB3; (5) B-Kt5, B-K2; (6) P-B3, P x P; (7) Kt x P, P-QKt3 [Kmoch suggests . . . P-B4]; (8) B-Q3, B-Kt2; (9) O-O!, QKt-Q2 [Obviously . . . B x Kt, followed by . . . Q x P ch would be rather more hazardous]; (10) Q-B2, P-B4; (11) P-Q5!, P x P; (12) P x P, O-O; (13) P-Q6!, B x P; (14) B x P ch, K-R1; (15) QR-Q1, Q-Kt1; (16) B-B5, B-B3; (17) Q-KB2, P-Kt3; (18) R x B!!, Q x R; (19) R-Q1, Q-B2; (20) R x Kt!, Kt x R; (21) Q-R4 ch, K-Kt1; (22) B x Kt!, B x Kt; (23) Kt-Q5!!, and since there is no resource against B-KB6, Black resigned.

A: Vucovic 1920

B: L. Salkind 1930

C: Prevorovsky 1942

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which Black fell for the obvious . . . B-B4 and was speedily punished. How? **B**, a win, should not be too difficult for 6 ladder-points when considering that what matters is to counter and finally to defeat Black's only resource of his mating threat. **C**, a win too, has a pretty 'echo.' Easy enough for 7 points. Usual prizes. Entries by 8 September.

REPORT on No. 456. Set 9 August

A: (2) K-K6??, R-Q3 ch! draws; but (2) Q-R8 ch K-B2; (3) Q-R7 ch, K-K1; (4) Q-Kt8 ch, K-K2; (5) Q-QB8!! wins

B: (1) K-K3!, P-Q7; (2) Q-K5!! K-Kt8 (best); (3) Q-Kt5 ch, K-B8; (4) Q-QR5!!, P – Kt ch; (5) K-K2!, K-Kt8; (6) Q-KB5!! etc

C: (1) Kt-K4 ch!, K-R5! (PxKt??); (2) Kt-Kt3!!, Q-KB1 (best); (3) B-Kt1!, PxKt; (4) B-B2!!, P-Q5 (best); (5) BxQP, P-B4; (6) BxP, Q-B8 ch; (7) B-Kt1, Q-B7; (8) BxQ, PxB; (9) P-Kt3 ch etc

Many dropped a point or two over **B** and/or **C**. Prizes: E. A. Barclay-Smith, D. E. Cohen, P. Furmston, W. M. Hancock, A. J. Roycroft. 36th ladder-decade 1st M. P. Furmston (724), 2nd W. T. Maccall who got 698 since starting from scratch after the 31st decade in July '57; 3rd L. G. Kennion (595), 4th C. Sansom, one of the 26th Decade winners in July '56.

ASSIAC

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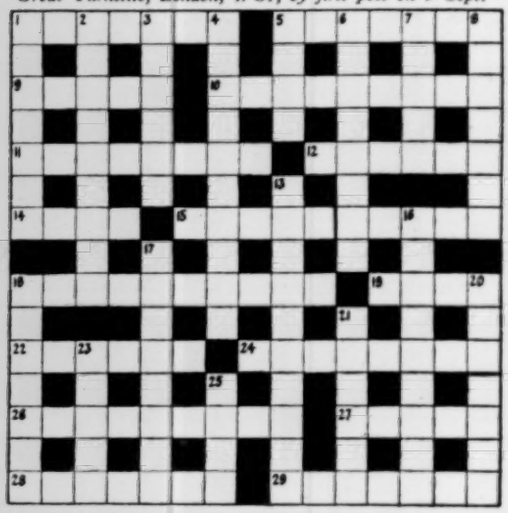
INDEPENDENT AFRICAN

Week-end Crossword 318

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 318, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 9 Sept.



ACROSS

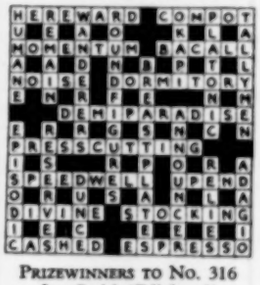
1. Part of the body which puts the doctor and me in a bad mood (7).
5. Adult education and French poetry for the workers (7).
9. Women who make up nearly all of the excursions (5).
10. The language operates inaccurately round the north (9).
11. After sending help back one part of the nation makes a hostile speech (8).
12. Wealthy people are nearly all stupid (6).
14. Miserable specimens? Nonsense! (4).
15. A hearty get-together, maybe, causes embarrassment at court? (5, 5).
18. Carry instruments of torture for gymnastic exercises (10).
19. Here's a light for one who takes the lead—quite the reverse of fourteen (4).
22. 'Pride still is —— at the bless'd abodes' (Pope) (6).
24. Interfered with a central unit of current (8).
26. It is chopped up cats'-meat I chew (9).
27. The soldiers appear on either side of the honourable river (5).
28. Figure made by a horse in time (7).
29. Job Jingle had (7).

DOWN

1. Course peculiarly renamed (7).
2. Town for one who gives a Third Programme talk? (9).
3. 'Blot out, correct, ——, refine' (Swift) (6).
4. A drink comes up during the game for the pirate (10).
5. Before one of the lessons we cried (4).
6. Means of transport for broadcasting skill? (8).
7. When these birds are in the wilds it becomes desolate country (5).
8. Not very fast but finally has what one desires (7).
13. Place for discussion of people in partial disorder (10).
16. The furthest away have the biggest say (9).
17. Boasting like a ruler of birds (8).
18. Publisher who is two people in one (7).
20. Animal which makes the revolutionary go both ways round the east (7).
21. Town which has a harbour in the middle (6).
23. Degrees on a star (5).
25. The sun in wet weather (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 316



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 316

Ian Smith (Edinburgh)
P. Poulard (Thornton Heath)
George R. Otter (Paris)

PERSONAL

WD anyone appreciate use remote primitive cottage in Yorks. dale? Magnificent situation but rather inaccessible. Box 2762.

SPANISH or Portuguese girls reqd. for new coffee bar, Knightsbridge. Box 2770.

SIXTY Five Thousand people in Dagenham go to the cinema each week. What better way of spending a few minutes than to think of an idea for a 3-4 minute road safety film to show them. £10 for the idea used. To be produced professionally on a limited budget. Maximum 250 words. Closing date 19 September. To—Road Safety Organiser, Civic Centre, Dagenham, Essex.

COLONIAL officer returning Middle E. early Sept. offers one-way trip to Italy via France, Spain. Motor-camping. Box 2723.

YOUNG prof. man, 6 weeks to spare, sks interesting venture. Will do anything, go anywhere if exps paid. Box 2725.

THOUGH the 60 has been withdrawn, 59a & 159 pass the end of Abbey Gardens. No. 30 is the address of Anthony Panting's studio, telephone MAI. 3200.

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THE Soup Kitchen. Alpha, beta, gamma, delta, wages £5–£20. Colonials not excluded. Interviews, 60 Wilton Place, SW1, 1 p.m. 30 August.

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CLINIC for the Bates System of Eyesight Rehabilitation every Wednesday afternoon from 2 to 5 p.m. at 18 Great Marlborough St, W1. By appointment only. All enqs to 46 Portland Place, W1. LAN. 3626.

PERSONAL happiness, social harmony, racial, religious and moral tolerance are interdependent. You agree? Write Sec. (A), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

SMALL, informal parties are now being arranged for members to meet one another at theatres, cinemas, dances, art exhibitions, music circles. At Homes, etc. Send s.a.e. for particulars and programme to The Companions Club, 11c Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St, London, W1.

CAMERA Advice Centre specialises in developing of films by inspection, and quality enlarging. 54 Park Road (cont. Baker St), NW1.

HOLIDAY Help: foreign girls seek 'au pair' posts Aug.-Oct. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St, SW3. KEN. 1586.

GUITAR lsns. Technique, theory. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd, SW10. FLA. 4354.

SIMON Dewes, author of best-selling fiction and non-fiction, advises on all types of MSS. Write: The Forge, Kettleburgh, Suffolk.

THE Edinburgh School of Natural Therapeutics. Now enrolling for new class to begin this autumn. Prospectus from Secretary, Kingston, Edinburgh 9.

LYRICS and sketches required. Scripts to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square, WC2.

PERSONAL—continued

CORNWALL Devon tour 6-14 Sept. 3 car seats available. Box 2783.

PERSONALIST Club. A new approach to philosophy, culture, leisure activities. Informal, friendly. Write Box 2669.

MASSAGE for health and fitness relieves nervous tension. HAM. 2514, 1-4 p.m.

WINTER sports. Why not form a party of 15 members and enjoy a completely free Winter Sports Holiday? Full details of this scheme and advance information of our Winter Sports arrangements 1958/9 from Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

'WHICH?' referred to by Critic in last week's 'London Diary' is available to members of the Association for Consumer Research Ltd, 7(s) Great James Street, London, WC1. Anyone can join at 10s. p.a. and will receive four consecutive issues of 'Which?'. 'Which' publishes the results of independent scientific tests of goods and services available to the ordinary consumer.

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FOLKDANCE & Folksong Weekend: 19-22 Sept., at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also 'T. S. Eliot: The 4 Quartets'.

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LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer. Please arrange London apmts through Ramsey & Muspratt, P.O. Terrace, Cambridge 4633.

PERSONAL—continued

ENGLISH-speaking Italian (f.) & 8 yr old son (schoolboy), seek accom. till Xmas, access Bayswater. Offers exch. stay Florence 1959 or dom. help or baby-sitting. Mrs Fedeli, 14 Gibson Rd, Swakeleys, Uxbridge.

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Now is the time to book for your late-season holiday with the Fellowship—many Centres and Guest Houses, comfortably furnished and with experienced staff, open all the year. Seaside and country, mountain and town holidays—something for every taste. Full details of accommodation and the moderate charges in the free booklet, Holidays 1958, from:

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Follow the sun with one of our September or October parties in Italy, Yugoslavia, Southern Spain, Austria, the Channel Islands or the Isle of Wight. Special suggestion: 12 September, Italian Riviera (by air/rail), cost 41½ gns.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

TORY Threat to Trade Unions; Iraq, Jordan and Kuwait. 'Labour Research', 9d. (11d. p.f.), 161 Drury Lane, WC2.

'THE Week', the brilliant survey in The Observer every Sunday, that gives you a clear perspective on a whole week's news in 15 minutes easy reading. Let The Observer put the world in your hands on Sunday.

'THE TUC' discussed by R. Palme Dutt; 'Salute to Paul Robeson' by William Gallacher; 'Flight From The Summit' by Quaestor, etc. In the Labour Monthly. Post-free 1s. 8d. Or 9s. half-yearly from Dept. NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

'THE Linguist', the language monthly for experts and intelligent beginners. 17s. yearly. Spec. copy 1s. 3d. from The Linguist (N.S.), 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1.

MOUNTAINEERING: Books, prints, maps. Secondhand. Send for lists Chyngton Books, Seaford, Sussex.

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'BRITISH Road to Stalinism'—first honest, detailed report on British Communist Party. Published by Industrial Research and Information Services. At all bookshops 2s. 6d.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

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invite applications for the post of Assistant (man or woman) on the staff of the Design Panel. The successful candidate will act as secretary to the Panel, and will be responsible, under the Design Officer, for administrative work including records, accounts, programmes of work, progress control, and collection and classification of design information. Keen interest in, and appreciation of, contemporary industrial design essential; practical design experience desirable. Commencing salary £1,015; certain free travel facilities; medical examination; superannuation fund.

Applications stating age, qualifications and experience to be sent within 14 days to Principal Establishment and Staff Officer,

BRITISH TRANSPORT COMMISSION
222 Marylebone Road, London, NW1.
S.a.e. for acknowledgement.

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The School curriculum provides for secular and Jewish studies. Hebrew is taught as a living language. Pupils are prepared for the 11 plus examination. Burnham Scale (London). Superannuation scheme available. Applications to the Hon. Principal at the School.

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require an assistant in the reviews section of their Publicity Department. Experience not essential, but interest in books, ability and willingness to type, and a bold acceptance of responsibility and routine are required.

Apply in writing to:

Publicity Manager, Penguin Books Limited, Harmondsworth, Middlesex.

Interesting opening. Research Department of Head Office of National Trade Union at present situated near Waterloo Station, moving very shortly to new modern offices in Euston Road.

SHORTHAND TYPIST required to assist in Research work, commencing salary £9 8s. per week plus emoluments. Automatic increases to £12 11s. per week.

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Apply in writing, Secretary, NATIONAL UNION OF MINEWORKERS, 5 Westminster Bridge Road, London, SE1.

Staff vacancies in Head Office of National Trade Union at present situated near Waterloo Station, moving very shortly to new modern offices in Euston Road.

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Canteen, Superannuation, three weeks' annual holiday, plus six statutory holidays.

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ASSISTANT Wardens for mens' and boys' hostels in London. Some experience preferred. Salary £5, plus board. Write Secretary, 24 Ashburn Place, SW7.

EDUCATED Women with sound experience are offered first-rate posts as Secretaries or P.A.s to men in the professions, politics and commerce. Good shorthand and typing are essential. Starting salaries to £600. The St Stephen's Secretariat, 3-4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2; 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

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requires a
SECRETARY SHORTHAND/TYPIST

in early or middle twenties for executive in charge of university scientific publications. Conditions of employment include a five-day week, a canteen on the premises and a non-contributory pension scheme. The post would offer opportunities for learning the technicalities of educational publishing. Salary £500-£550 according to qualifications and experience.
Write, giving full personal details to
Box 2809.

LONDON Executive Council (National Health Service). (The London Executive Council is responsible for the administration in the County of London of the general medical and general dental services, the pharmaceutical service and the supplementary ophthalmic service. The post now advertised is the senior post in the Executive Council branch of the National Health Service.) Applications are invited from suitably qualified and experienced persons for the whole-time post of Clerk of the Council. Previous experience in Executive Council administration will be an advantage. The salary will be in accordance with the Scale approved by the Minister of Health, namely, £1,809 rising by annual increments of £56(1), £84(3), £42(1) to £2,159 per annum. London weighting of £50 is also payable. The appointment will be subject to (a) the approval of the Minister of Health; (b) the provisions of the National Health Service (Superannuation) Regulations; (c) the Conditions of Service in force at the appropriate time; and will be determinable by six months' notice on either side. The successful candidate will be required to take office on 1 April, 1959, and may be required to pass a medical examination. Canvassing in any form will lead to disqualification. Applications, stating age, qualifications, experience and particulars of present appointment, together with the names and addresses of two referees, should be addressed to 'The Chairman, London Executive Council, Insurance House, Insurance Street, WC1,' and posted to arrive not later than 12 noon on 25 September, 1958. Envelopes should be endorsed 'Clerkship'. —J. Green, Chairman of the Council.

THE Coal Industry Social Welfare Organisation has established a Medico-Social Service to deal with the social problems of severe disablement in the Mining Industry. The work is of a pioneering nature and involves research into disablement problems and responsibility for casework. Applications are invited from Medico-Social Workers for an appointment covering the Nottinghamshire and Leicestershire coalfields. Applicants should hold the Certificate of the Institute of Almoners or other appropriate qualification and experience in mining districts will be an advantage. Ability to drive is essential. Salary scale £635 × £25:£735 × £30: £795. The post will be superannuated. Applications, stating age and experience, together with the names of two professional referees, should be sent to H. Atkinson, BA (Oxon), Chief Officer, Coal Industry Social Welfare Organisation, 5 Hobart Place, SW1, within 14 days.

BBC requires Talks Producer in Birmingham, to be responsible for formulating ideas for talks series and individual talks and for selection and rehearsal of speakers. Good education, cultural background and broad general interests essential. Some knowledge and/or experience of local and industrial affairs especially in the Midlands an advantage, and experience in the use of the spoken word for communication and entertainment is desirable. Tact in dealing with people is most important. Salary £1,105 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), rising by seven annual increments to £1,550 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.739, N.Stm.), should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

THE University of Sheffield. Applications are invited for a post of Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Economics, to begin duties on 1 October 1958 or as soon as possible thereafter. Candidates should be interested in Economic Theory and prepared to lecture on Public Finance. Salary Scales: Lecturers—£900 × 50-1,350 × 75-1,650; Assistant Lecturer—£700 × 50-£850, with FSSU provision and family allowance. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications (4 copies), including the names and addresses of three referees, should be sent by 15 September 1958.

EAST Ham County Borough. Required, Qualified Psychiatric Social Worker. Salary scale £585 × £25—£810 plus London Weighting. Application forms (returnable 13 September 1958) and further particulars from Chief Education Officer, Education Office, Town Hall Annexe, Barking Road, E6.

SOCIAL worker, with knowledge of family case work, required as Secretary to the Dagenham Personal Service Council. Salary according to experience—minimum £450 per annum. 5-day week. Membership of Social Workers' Pension Fund available. Applications to be received within 10 days of the issue of this advertisement, by the Chairman, 358 Heathway, Dagenham, Essex.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

GRANADA TV Network require an Architect. Must be qualified, good designer in contemporary idiom, have first-class experience of materials, construction and costs. Write, giving age, qualifications, experience and previous salary, to Mr. Sidney L. Bernstein, Granada TV Network, Manchester 3.

TRADES Union Congress invites applications for post of Assistant in its Social Insurance and Industrial Welfare Department. In addition to Social Insurance, the Department's work covers occupational health, welfare and safety. Background knowledge of the economic aspects of social legislation is desirable. Further particulars may be obtained from Sir Vincent Tewson, CBE, MC, Trades Union Congress, Congress House, Great Russell Street, London, WC1. Closing date for completed appl'ns 19 Sept.

IPSWICH Constituency Labour Party invites applications for the post of a Full-Time Secretary/Agent. The appointment to be made in consultation with the National Executive Committee. Salary and conditions in accordance with the National Agreement. Application forms can be obtained from the National Agent, Transport House, Smith Square, London, SW1, to whom they should be returned not later than 20 Sept. 1958.

WORKERS' Educational Association West Midland District. Applications are invited for the post of WEA organiser in Birmingham. Salary scale £600-£800. Details and application forms (s.a.e.) from the District Secretary, WEA Office, 19 Calthorpe Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham 15.

PART-Time Secretary-Organiser required by Surbiton Constituency Labour Party. Fully equipped Party Office. Remuneration to be agreed. Applicants to attend for personal interview at 1 Brighton Road, Surbiton, at 8.30 p.m. on Wed., 3 September. Phone (after 6.30 p.m. any day), ELMbridge 3186.

MANAGER required for Collet's Scientific Bookshop, WC1. Knowledge of Russian and German and general scientific background. Salary and conditions according to TU Agreement, free superannuation and life insurance. Apply in writing to Collet's, 44-45 Museum Street, WC1.

VOCATIONAL Guidance—The VGA Scheme offers a unique answer to the problem of planning a career. Apply Secretary, The Vocational Guidance Association, 37a Devonshire Street, W1 (WELbeck 8017).

CANADA. The Society for the Oversea Settlement of British Women invites applications from trained, experienced social workers for Caseworker posts with Canadian agencies, including Children's Aid Society of Metropolitan Toronto, Catholic CAS of Metropolitan Toronto, CAS of Western Manitoba and CAS of Sault Ste Marie, N. Ontario. Write, mentioning qualifications and experience, to SOSBW, 43 Parliament St, London, SW1.

CANADA. Caseworker (trained social worker with experience in child care field) wanted for September/October for post with Protestant Children's Homes of Toronto (agency concerned with foster home placement). Apply to SOSBW, 43 Parliament St, London, SW1.

CANADA. Trained, experienced social workers, preferably with some domestic science or nursing experience, wanted as Supervisors of Visiting Homemakers for Toronto agency. Details from SOSBW, 43 Parliament St, London, SW1.

APPLICATIONS invited by Merton & Morden Guild of Social Service from qualified persons for post of General Secretary. Experienced Citizens Advice Bureau, Social Casework. Salary £500 p.a. rising yearly increments of £25 to £600. Replies with three recent testimonials to Chairman, 96 London Road, Morden, Surrey.

ST JOHN'S and Manor House Hospital Management Committee, St John's Hospital, Stone, Nr. Aylesbury. Social Worker. Applications are invited for the post of Social Worker to work with the Psychiatric Social Worker at St John's Hospital, a mental hospital with 800 beds and an extensive outpatient service. The Hospital is within easy reach of London. Candidates must hold a Social Science Diploma or a degree in Social Science. Accommodation can be made available. Salary in accordance with Whitley Council, £495 to £755 at minimum age of 27 years. Applications, with names of two referees, should be sent to the Physician Superintendent as soon as possible.

MID-Herts Group Hospital Management Committee. Child Psychotherapist (non-medical) required for work with psychotic and severely maladjusted children aged 4-11. Three sessions weekly; possibility of more sessions at a later date. Candidate may be required to participate in training house staff. Salary £2 per session, plus travelling allowance, Whitley Council conditions. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of two referees, to Dr. George Stroh, Consultant Psychiatrist-in-Charge, High Wick, Tyttenhanger, near St. Albans, Herts.

ARCHITECT, small city office, requires S/H typist for general duties. 5-day week. BIS. 8139 or write Box 2673.

INTERESTING position for receptionist with some typing ability and commonsense! Also, a shorthand-typist required. Fleet Street area. Box 2764.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SECRETARY for editorial dept. of this journal. First-class shorthand and typing essential. Write fully to Publisher.

ASSISTANT reqd. for Collet's Chinese Shop, Charing Cross Rd. Salary and conditions according to TU Agreement. Free superannuation and 3 weeks' holiday after 1 year. Apply 44/45 Museum St, WC1.

ASSISTANT Housemother, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £30 16s. 8d. per month, less valuation of emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

BILINGUAL secretary wanted for export sales director of rapidly expanding company in the field of peaceful applications of nuclear energy. German and English shorthand are essential and secretarial experience is desirable. Nuclear Engineering Ltd, Woolwich Road, London, SE7. GREenwich 3232.

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TEMPORARY Shorthand-Typists. Top rates. Vacancies for efficient, well-educated women. Strand Appointments, 392 Strand. TEM. 0248.

INSTITUTE of Personnel Management, 80 Fetter Lane (opposite Gamages) requires part-time shorthand-typist for the student training section. Good speeds essential. Hours 10 a.m.-4 p.m. or by arrangement. No Saturdays. Salary £6 5s. or pro rata. Phone for appointment. HOL. 3456, ext. 104.

EXPERIENCED Jewish Personal Secretary required for Liberal Jewish Minister. First class Shorthand Typing essential. 5-day week, excellent conditions and congenial atmosphere. Apply General Secretary, 28 St John's Wood Rd., NW8. CUNningham 5181.

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APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EXPERIENCED Secretary home after two years working in US seeks interesting post. Top skills, can drive. Music, journalism, politics or publishing preferred. Box 2710.

YNG man (20) skls position with travel and adventure, anything consid. Box 2662.

ITALIAN girl. Literary interests. Doctorate in modern languages, reasonably domesticated, seeks employment London or University town. Box 2548.

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PEACE, comfort, good food: small Quaker 17th C. Guest House, large gdn. Blue Idol, Coolham, Horsham, Sussex.

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RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Saleburst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

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Evgs 7.30, Mats Sats 2.30

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4 Sept.	The Sleeping Beauty
5 Sept.	Rinaldo & Armida, Lac des Cygnes Act II, The Firebird
6 Sept. (evg.)	The Lady & The Fool, Les Sylphides, The Firebird

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CONCERTS

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HENRY WOOD
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Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30
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Tickets: 8s. 6d., 6s., 4s., at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade, 2s. 6d., available nightly at doors.

HAMPSTEAD Choral Society. Conductor: Martindale Sidwell. Vacancies from time to time in all voices. Works for rehearsal include Messiah, Carols, Verdi Requiem. Apply Mrs Spalding, Bankside, 71 Frognal, NW3. HAM. 1688.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER, 2981) Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns), H. G. Clouzot's 'The Picasso Mystery' (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Summer Revivals. Until 31 Aug.: Guinness in 'The Captain's Paradise' (A). From 1 Sept.: Graham Greene's 'The Heart of the Matter' (A). From 4 Sept.: Rex Harrison in 'The Constant Husband' (U).

ROXY, BAY. 2345. Wk c. 31 Aug. 7 days. Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor, Camille. A. H. Bogart, Kath. Hepburn. African Queen. U.

ROYALTY Social Centre. Opening Sunday 31 Aug. Dancing. Licensed Bar. Refreshments. 7.15-10. Bull & Mouth, 31 Bloomsbury Way, WC1. Adm. 4s. 6d.

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EXHIBITIONS

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Part II. Artists of Fame and Promise. A new exhibition. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. XIX & XX Century European Masters. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-12.30.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St, W1 Seven Indian painters in Europe.

CORSHAM Court, Nr Bath. Open every day except Mondays. Elizabethan; Georgian interior. Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters 11-12.30, 2-6. 2s. 6d.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. State and private apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Period costumes. The Londonderry Ambassadorial Silver. Open 10 to 8 daily including Sundays.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Giacometti, Marini, Matisse, Moore. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1. Until 13 Sept.

POLLOCK'S Toy Museum and Toy Theatres. Admission free. Open 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. 44 Monmouth Street, Cambridge Circus, WC2.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Reproductions for homes and offices from all good printsellers. Illustrated catalogue with supplement 1s. 6d. from 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Gregory Fellowship Exhibition: Armitage, Butler, Dalwood, Davie, Frost, Froy. Till 20 Sept. Adm. 1s. Members free. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 1-13 September. Sculpture by George Fullard, Painting by Robert Hill, Karel Lek & Padraig Macmiadhachain. 16 Woodstock Street, W1. Mayfair 4419. 10-6, Sat. 10-1.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Adamowicz, Zangs, Painting; and Sculptors of the Gallery. 1 September-20 September. Daily 10-6; Sats 10-1.

RECENT paintings by Leslie Dyer at Everyman Cinema, Hampstead. HAM. 1525. Daily from 1 Sept.-4 Oct.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Avenue. Oliver Caldecott. 24 Aug.-5 Oct.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of Allan Ramsay, Painter-in-Ordinary to George III. Admission free. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2.30-6. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. 'FLN': Mohammed Kellin at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1, on Wed. 3 September at 7.30 p.m. Visitors 2s.

GENERAL Zionist Organisation of Gt Britain. Thursday Social Evgs. Guest-speaker 4 Sept.—Mrs Patricia McLoughlin, MP, at Café Montmartre, 225 Finchley Rd, NW3, 8 p.m. Refrs 2s. 6d. Hon. Sec. Mrs H. H. Allen, 43 Russell Gdns, NW11. SPE. 3328.

LONDON Ashbridge Circle. Monthly lectures at the Eccleston Hotel on current affairs and the arts; social activities, etc. Subscription £1. Write Membership Secretary, LAC, 18 Manor Way, South Croydon, Sy.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Holland Street, W8. 6 September at 6 p.m. French film: Le Rétour de Don Camillo.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily, London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, Paddington, W2. Public Lecture, Sun., 8 p.m., 31 Aug. 'Dreams and Soul Life'.

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Session 1958/59 commences on Monday, 22 September.

New students will be enrolled between 3 p.m. and 8 p.m. on 15 September. (Former students, 9 and 10 September, 5.00-7.30 p.m.)

Prospectuses may be obtained on application to the Director of Education.

GREGG and Pitman Intensive Courses, English for Foreign Students. Day and Ev. Classes. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, SW7. KEN. 4771.

LESCHETIZKY School of Pianoforte Playing (In memory of Mabel Lander). Patron: Sir Malcolm Sargent. Teachers: James Gibb, Sylvia Leeson, Mary Peppin, Geraldine Peppin. 66 Parkhill Rd, NW3. GUL. 3379.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

HUMANIST Conference at High Leigh, Hoddesdon, Herts. Weekend 19-21 September. Mary Brown (Daily Mirror): 'Aunt Ada's column—Is it a phoney?'; Stephen Schenk: 'Social changes and intellectual trends'; H. J. Blackham: 'Is perpetual peace possible?'; Mary Hoad: 'Art in general education'; and Prof. H. Levy: 'The cultural value of a scientific education'. Single rooms incl. charge 58s. From tea-time Sat. 32s. 6d. Apply: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8. (WES. 2341.)

71 'Leisure-Time' Courses in—Home-making, The Bible Today, Philosophy, International Affairs, Parliament Weekly, England's Counties, Natural History, Languages, Story of London, Literature, Art, Music, Drama, Italic Handwriting, Crafts, Cookery (Men), Fencing, Photography, Travel—Europe, Canada, Medau Rhythmic Movement, Woodwork (Men and Women), Canteen, Common Room and Library at the Mary Ward Settlement, 5-7 Tavistock Place, WC1 (EUSton 1816). Courses commence Mon., 22 Sept. Enrolment from Mon., 15 Sept. Syllabus on applic. to Registrar.

PLAYWRIGHTS: learn by seeing your work acted. Hendon Arts Theatre. Course directed by Stephen Joseph. Also classics, recent significant plays, arena theatre. Secretary: 32 Brent Street, NW4. SUN. 1638.

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GUITAR tuit. Segovia style. Beginners' crse, all ages. Brochure, Spanish Centre, 36 Cranbourn St, WC2. COV. 0754.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing—Lechetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11.

ITALIAN, French, Germ. (Rome Univ., Sorb., Heidelb.), spec. Holiday Syll., also coach to Univ. Ent. Mrs Chanda, HAM. 7322.

SPANISH, Flamenco, Plectrum Guitar Tuition (Personal & Postal.) Prospectus: Ivor Mairants (s), 195 Wardour St, W1. Tel. REG. 0644/5.

POTTERY Evening Classes, Sept. Details: Tel. Shepherds Well Pottery, SWI. 2900.

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